10

FUGITIVE PIECES
IN
VERSE and PROSE.

2.X.6.

Pereunt et imputantur.

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M DCC LVIII.

10

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM

TO THE HONORABLE

MAJOR GENERAL

Henry Seymour Conway.

IN dedicating a few trifles to you, I have nothing new to tell the world. My Eſteem ſtill accompanies your merit, on which it was founded, and to which, with ſuch abilities as mine, I can only bear teſtimony; I muſt not pretend to vindicate it. If your Virtues and your Talents can be forgot, if your actions at Fontenoy and at Laffelt, in Flanders and in Scotland can fade away, ſhall ſuch writings as mine endure? Nay, if Rochfort, which you alone [romantic as the attempt was] propoſed to attack, can

be thrown into the ſcale againſt you, my panegyric might be perverted to ſatire too; for when real merit is obnoxious to blame, empty praiſe can hardly be incorruptible.

When I abridge myſelf of the ſatisfaction of doing juſtice to your character, it becomes me to be very conciſe about myſelf: Indeed any thing I could add on either, would neither raiſe Poſterity's idea of me, nor be neceſſary to confirm what it muſt think of you. I only deſire, if I ſhould be remembered for theſe idleneſſes, that it may be known at the ſame time that you did not diſlike them; and [which will do me ſtill more honour] that our FRIENDSHIP was as great as our AFFINITY.

HORACE WALPOLE.

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FUGITIVE PIECES.

VERSES

IN MEMORY OF

KING HENRY the SIXTH,

Founder of KING'S-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

[*Written February* 2, 1738.]

WHILE Superſtition teaches to revere
The ſainted Calendar and letter'd year;
While Bigots joy in canonizing Shades,
Fictitious Martyrs, viſionary Maids;
Haſte, Gratitude, and hail this better day;
At HENRY's ſhrine preſent thy votive lay;
If this peculiarly for His be known,
Whoſe Charity made ev'ry day his own.

But ſay, what Shrine?------my eyes in * vain
require
Th' engraven braſs and monumental Spire.
HENRY knows none of theſe----above! around!
Behold where e'er this penſile quarry's found,
Or ſwelling into vaulted roofs it's weight,
Or ſhooting columns into Gothic ſtate,
Where e'er this Fane extends it's lofty frame,
† Behold the Monument to HENRY's name!

When Henry bad this pompous Temple riſe,
Nor with preſumption emulate the ſkies,
Art and Palladio had not reached the land,
Nor methodiz'd the Vandal Builder's hand:
Wonders, unknown to rule, theſe piles diſcloſe;
The Walls, as if by inſpiration, roſe.
The Edifice ‡, continued by his care,
With equal pride had form'd the ſumptuous
ſquare,

* *King Henry is buried obſcurely at Windſor.*

† *This thought is copied from the inſcription over Sir Chriſtopher Wren, who is buried under the Dome of St. Paul, of which He was the Architect.* "*-----ſi quæras monumentum, ſuſpice!*"

‡ *The original plan is extant in the library of the College.*

Had

Had not th' Aſſaſſin diſappointed part,
And ſtab'd the growing fabric in his heart.
More humble hands, but grateful to the mind
That firſt the royal benefit deſign'd,
Renew the labour ‖, re-aſſume the ſtone,
And GEORGE's auſpices the ſtructure crown.
No lifeleſs pride the riſing walls contain,
Neat without art, and regularly plain.
What tho' with pomp unequal ſinks the pile
Beneath the grandeur of the Gothic iſle;
What tho' the modern Maſter's weaker hand
Unexecuted drops what HENRY plann'd;
This for the Sons of Men is an Abode,
But that the Temple of the *living God!*

Aſcend the Temple! join the vocal choir,
Let Harmony your raptur'd ſouls inſpire.
Hark how the tuneful ſolemn Organs blow,
Awfully ſtrong, elaborately ſlow;
Now to the empyrean ſeats above
Raiſe meditation on the wings of love;

‖ *The new Building was raiſed at the expence of the College, and by contributions of the Miniſters, Nobility and others.*

Now falling, ſinking, dying to the moan
Once warbled ſad by Jeſſe's contrite Son,
Breathe in each note a conſcience thro' the ſenſe,
And call forth tears from ſoft-ey'd Penitence.
Sweet ſtrains along the vaulted roof decay,
And liquid Hallelujahs melt away;
The floating accents leſs'ning as they flow,
Like diſtant arches gradually low.
Taſte has not vitiated our purer ear,
Perverting ſounds to merriment of pray'r.
Here mild Devotion bends her pious knee,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea;
Avoids each wild enthuſiaſtic tone,
Nor borrows utt'rance from a tongue unknown.

O HENRY! from thy lucid orb regard
How purer hands thy pious cares reward;
Now Heav'n illuminates thy godlike mind
From Superſtition's papal gloom refin'd:
Behold thy Sons with that religion bleſt,
Which thou wou'dſt own and CAROLINE profeſs'd------
Great §, mournful Name----ſtruck with the well-known ſound,
Their Patroneſs! the Muſes droop around,

§ *Queen Caroline died in the preceding November.*

Unſtrung

Unſtrung their lyres, inanimate their lays,
Forget to celebrate e'en HENRY's praiſe------
I ceaſe, ye Muſes, to implore your ſong;
I ceaſe your tuneleſs ſilent grief to wrong;
And HENRY's praiſe refer to that great Day,
Which *, what He was, ſhall, when it comes, diſplay.

* *The thought of the laſt line alludes to an epitaph in the Chapel of King's College, which is mentioned in the Spectator:* "*Hic ſitus eſt, N. N. Qualis* "*eram, Dies iſtic cum venerit, ſcies:*" *Which being a monkiſh verſe, Mr. Addiſon has changed the laſt word* ſcies *into* indicabit.

AN

AN EPISTLE from FLORENCE.

To THOMAS ASHTON, *Esq*; Tutor to the EARL of PLIMOUTH.

[*Written in the Year* 1740.]

WHEN flouriſh'd with their ſtate th' ATHENIAN name,
And Learning and Politeneſs were the ſame,
Philoſophy with gentle arts refin'd
The honeſt roughneſs of th' unpractis'd mind:
She call'd the latent beams of Nature forth,
Guided their ardor and inſur'd their worth.
She pois'd th' impetuous Warrior's vengeful ſteel,
Mark'd true Ambition from deſtructive Zeal,
Pointed what luſtre on that laurel blows,
Which Virtue only on her ſons beſtows.
Hence clement CIMON, of unſpotted fame,
Hence ARISTIDES' ever-fav'rite name;
Heroes, who knew to wield the righteous ſpear,
And guard their native tow'rs from foreign fear;
Or in firm bands of ſocial Peace to bind
Their Country's good, and benefit Mankind.

She

She trim'd the thoughtful Stateſman's nightly oil,
Confirm'd his mind beneath an empire's toil,
Or with him to his ſilent villa ſtole,
Gilded his ev'ning hours, and harmoniz'd his ſoul.

To woods and caves ſhe never bade retreat,
Nor fix'd in cloyſter'd monkeries her ſeat:
No lonely precepts to her ſons enjoin'd,
Nor taught them to be men, to ſhun mankind.
Cynics there were, an uncouth ſelfiſh race,
Of manners foul, and boaſtful of diſgrace:
Brutes, whom no muſe has ever lov'd to name,
Whoſe Ignominy is their only fame.
No hoſtile Trophies grace their honour'd urn,
Around their tomb no ſculptur'd Virtues mourn;
Nor tells the marble into emblems grav'd
An Art diſcover'd or a City ſav'd.

Be this the goal to which the Briton-Peer
Exalt his hope, and preſs his young career!
Be this the goal to which, my Friend, may you,
With gentle ſkill direct his early view!
Artful the various ſtudies to diſpenſe,
And melt the ſchoolman's jargon down to ſenſe.

See the pedantic Teacher, winking dull,
The letter'd Tyrant of a trembling ſchool;

Teaching

Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted faſces ram the leſſon down.
From tortur'd ſtrains of Eloquence he draws
Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws,
By his own ſenſe would TULLY's word expound,
And a new VANDAL tramples claſſic ground.

Perhaps a Bigot to the learned page,
No modern cuſtom can his thoughts engage;
His little farm by † GEORGIC rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs;
Still from ARATUS' ſphere or MARO's ſigns
The future calm or tempeſt he divines,
And fears if the prognoſtic Raven's found
* Expatiating alone along the dreary round.

What ſcanty precepts! ſtudies how confin'd!
Too mean to fill your comprehenſive mind;
Unſatisfy'd with knowing when or where
Some Roman Bigot rais'd a Fane to FEAR;
On what green medal VIRTUE ſtands expreſs'd,
How CONCORD's pictur'd, LIBERTY how dreſs'd;

† *This was litterally the caſe of a School-maſter of Eton, who loſt a conſiderable ſum by the experiment.*

* *Et ſola in ſiccâ ſecum ſpatiatur arenâ.* VIRG.

Or

Or with wiſe ken judiciouſly define,
When Pius marks the honorary coin
Of CARACALLA, or of ANTONINE.

Thirſting for Knowledge, but to know the right,
Thro' judgment's optic guide th' illuſive ſight,
To let in rays on Reaſon's darkling cell,
And lagging miſts of prejudice diſpel;
For this you turn the Greek and Roman page,
Weigh the contemplative and active Sage,
And cull ſome uſeful flow'r from each hiſtoric Age.

Thence teach the Youth the neceſſary art,
To know the Judge's from the Critic's part;
Show how ignoble is the paſſion, FEAR,
And place ſome patriot Roman's model near;
Their bright examples to his ſoul inſtil,
Who knew no Fear, but that of doing ill.
Tell him, 'tis all a cant, a trifle all,
To know the folds that from the TOGA fall,
The CLAVUS' breadth, the BULLA's golden round,
And ev'ry leaf that ev'ry VIRTUE crown'd;
But ſhow how brighter in each honeſt breaſt,
Than in her ſhrine, the Goddeſs ſtood confeſs'd.

Tell him, it is not the fantaſtic Boy,
Elate with pow'r and ſwell'd with frantic joy,
'Tis not a ſlaviſh Senate, fawning, baſe,
Can ſtamp with honeſt fame a worthleſs race:
Tho' the falſe Coin proclaim him great and wiſe,
The tyrant's life ſhall tell that Coin, it lyes.

But when your early Care ſhall have deſign'd
To plan the Soul and mould the waxen Mind;
When you ſhall pour upon his tender Breaſt
Ideas that muſt ſtand an Age's Teſt,
Oh! there imprint with ſtrongeſt deepeſt dye
The lovely form of Goddeſs LIBERTY!
For her in Senates be he train'd to plead,
For her in Battles be he taught to bleed.
Lead him where Dover's rugged cliff reſounds
With daſhing ſeas, fair Freedom's honeſt Bounds,
Point to yon azure Carr bedrop'd with gold,
Whoſe weight the necks of Gallia's Sons uphold;
Where proudly ſits an iron-ſcepter'd Queen,
And fondly triumphs o'er the proſtrate ſcene,
Cry, that is Empire! ſhun her baleful path,
Her Words are Slavery, her Touch is Death!
Thro' wounds and blood the Fury drives her way,
And murthers half, to make the reſt her prey.

Thus

Thus ſpoke each Spartan Matron, as ſhe dreſs'd
With the bright cuiraſs her young Soldier's breaſt;
On the new Warrior's tender-ſinew'd thigh,
Girt Fear of Shame and Love of Liberty.

Steel'd with ſuch precepts, for a cauſe ſo good,
What ſcanty Bands the Perſian Hoſt withſtood!
Before the Sons of Greece let Aſia tell
How fled her † Monarch, how her Millions fell!
When arm'd for LIBERTY, a Few how brave!
How weak a Multitude, where each a Slave!
No welcome Falchion fill'd their fainting hand,
No Voice inſpir'd of favourite Command:
No Peaſant fought for wealthy lands poſſeſs'd,
No fond remembrance warm'd the Parent's breaſt:
They ſaw their lands for royal riot groan,
And toil'd in vain for banquets, not their own;
They ſaw their infant Race to bondage riſe,
And frequent heard the raviſh'd Virgin's cries,
Diſhonour'd but to cool a tranſient guſt
Of ſome luxurious Satrap's barb'rous luſt.

† *Xerxes.*

The greateſt curſes any Age has known
Have iſſued from the Temple or the Throne;
Extent of ill from Kings at firſt begins,
But Prieſts muſt aid and conſecrate their ſins.
The tortur'd Subject might be heard complain,
When ſinking under a new weight of chain,
Or more rebellious might perhaps repine,
When tax'd to dow'r a titled Concubine,
But the Prieſt chriſtens all a Right Divine.

When at the altar a new Monarch kneels,
What conjur'd awe upon the people ſteals!
The choſen He adores the precious oil,
Meekly receives the ſolemn charm, and while
The Prieſt ſome bleſſed nothings mutters o'er,
Sucks in the ſacred greaſe at ev'ry pore:
He ſeems at once to ſhed his mortal ſkin,
And feels Divinity transfus'd within.
The trembling Vulgar dread the royal Nod,
And worſhip God's anointed more than God.

Such Sanction gives the Prelate to ſuch Kings!
So Miſchief from thoſe hallow'd fountains ſprings.
But bend your eye to yonder harraſs'd plains,
Where King and Prieſt in one united reigns;

See

See fair Italia mourn her holy ſtate,
And droop oppreſs'd beneath a papal weight:
Where fat Celibacy uſurps the ſoil,
And ſacred Sloth conſumes the peaſant's toil:
The holy Drones monopolize the ſky,
And plunder by a vow of Poverty.
The Chriſtian Cauſe their lewd profeſſion taints,
Unlearn'd, unchaſte, uncharitable Saints.

Oppreſſion takes Religion's hallow'd name,
And Prieſtcraft knows to play the ſpecious game.
Behold how each enthuſiaſtic fool
Of ductile piety, becomes their tool:
Obſerve with how much art, what fine pretence
They hallow Foppery and combat Senſe.

Some hoary Hypocrite, grown old in ſin,
Whoſe thoughts of heav'n with his laſt hours begin,
Counting a chaplet with a bigot care,
And mumbling ſomewhat 'twixt a charm and pray'r,
Hugs a dawb'd image of his injur'd Lord,
And ſqueezes out on the dull idol-board

A ſore-ey'd

A ſore-ey'd gum of tears; the flannel Crew
With cunning joy the fond repentance view,
Pronounce Him bleſs'd, his miracles proclaim,
Teach the ſlight croud t' adore his hallow'd name,
Exalt his praiſe above the Saints of old,
And coin his ſinking conſcience into Gold.

Or when ſome Pontiff with imperious hand
Sends forth his edict to exciſe the land,
The tortur'd Hind unwillingly obeys,
And mutters curſes as his mite he pays!
The ſubtle Prieſt th' invidious name forbears,
Aſks it for holy uſe or venal pray'rs;
Exhibits all their trumpery to ſale,
A bone, a mouldy morſel, or a nail:
Th' idolatrous Devout adore the ſhow,
And in full ſtreams the molten off'rings flow.

No pagan Object, nothing too profane;
To aid the Romiſh zeal for Chriſtian gain.
Each Temple with new weight of idols nods,
And borrow'd Altars ſmoke to other Gods.
PROMETHEUS' Vultur MATTHEW's Eagle proves,
And heav'nly Cherubs ſprout from heathen Loves;

Young

Young GANYMEDE a winged Angel ſtands
By holy LUKE, and dictates God's commands:
* APOLLO, tho' degraded, ſtill can bleſs,
Rewarded with a Sainthood, and an *S.*
Each convert Godhead is apoſtoliz'd,
And JOVE himſelf by † PETER's name's baptiz'd,
ASTARTE ſhines in Jewiſh MARY's fame,
Still Queen of Heav'n, another and the ſame.

While the proud Prieſt the ſacred Tyrant reigns
Of empty cities and diſpeopled plains,
Where fetter'd Nature is forbid to rove
In the free commerce of productive Love.
Behold impriſon'd with her barren kind,
In gloomy cells the votive Maid confin'd;
Faint ſtreams of blood, by long ſtagnation weak,
Scarce tinge the fading damaſk of her cheek;
In vain ſhe pines, the holy Faith withſtands,
What Nature dictates and what God commands;
But if ſome ſanguine He, ſome luſty Prieſt
Of jollier morals taſte the tempting feaſt,

* *St. Apollos.*

† *At St. Peter's an old ſtatue of Jupiter is turned into one of St. Peter.*

From

From the ſtrong graſp if ſome poor Babe ariſe,
Unwelcome, unindear'd, it inſtant dies,
Or poiſons blaſting ſoon the haſty joy,
Th' imperfect ſeeds of infant life deſtroy.

Fair Modeſty, thou virgin tender-ey'd,
From thee the Muſe the groſſer acts muſt hide,
Nor the dark cloiſter's myſtic rites diſplay,
Whence num'rous brawny Monkhoods waſte away,
And unprolific, tho' forſworn, decay.

Britannia ſmiling, views her golden plains
From mitred bondage free and papal chains;
Her jocund Sons paſs each unburthen'd day
Securely quiet, innocently gay:
Lords of themſelves the happy Ruſtics ſing,
Each of his little tenement the King.
Twice did uſurping Rome extend her hand,
To re-inſlave the new-deliver'd land;
Twice were her ſable bands to battle warm'd,
With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murthers arm'd:

With

‖ With PETER's ſword and MICHAEL's lance were ſent,
And whate'er ſtores ſupply'd the Church's armament.
Twice did the gallant Albion race repell
The jeſuit legions to the gates of hell;
Or whate'er Angel, friend to Britain, took,
Or WILLIAM's or ELIZA's guardian look.

Ariſe, young Peer! ſhine forth in ſuch a cauſe!
Who draws the ſword for Freedom, juſtly draws.
Reflect how dearly was that freedom bought;
For that, how oft your anceſtors have fought;
Thro' the long ſeries of our princes down,
How wrench'd ſome right from each too potent Crown.

See abject JOHN, that vaſſal Monarch, ſee!
Bow down the royal neck, and crouch the ſupple knee!
Oh! proſtitution of imperial State!
To a vile Romiſh Prieſt's vile § Delegate!

‖ *Addit & Herculeos Arcus Haſtamque Minervæ,*
Quicquid habent telorum armamentaria Cæli. JUV.

§ *The Pope's Nuncio.*

Him the bold Barons ſcorning to obey,
And be the ſubjects of a ſubject ſway;
Heroes, whoſe names to lateſt fame ſhall ſhine,
Aw'd by no viſions of a Right Divine,
That bond by eaſtern Politicians wrought,
Which ours have learnt, and Rabbi Doctors taught,
To ſtraiter banks reſtrain'd the Royal Will,
That great prerogative of doing ill.

To late example and experience dead,
See ‡ HENRY in his Father's footſteps tread.
Too young to govern, immature to pow'r,
His early follies haunt his lateſt hour.
His Nobles injur'd, and his Realms oppreſs'd,
No violated ſenate's wrongs redreſs'd,
His hoary age ſinks in the feeble wane
Of an inglorious, ſlighted, tedious reign.

The muſe too long with idle glories fed,
And train'd to trumpet o'er the warlike dead,
The wanton fain on giddy plumes would ſoar
To Gallic Loire and Jordan's humbled ſhore;

‡ *Henry* III.

Again

Again would teach the Saracen and Gaul
At * EDWARD's and at † HENRY's name to fall;
Romantic heroes! prodigal of blood;
What numbers ſtain'd each ill diſputed flood;
Tools to a Clergy! warring but to feaſt
With ſpoils of provinces each pamper'd Prieſt.
Be dumb, fond Maid; thy ſacred ink nor ſpill
On ſpecious Tyrants, popularly ill:
Nor be thy comely locks with Roſes dight,
Of either victor colour, Red or White.

Foil'd the aſſaſſin ‡ King, in union blow
The blended flowers on ſeventh HENRY's brow.
Peace lights again on the forſaken ſtrand,
And baniſh'd plenty re-aſſumes the land.
No nodding creſt the crouching infant frights,
No clarion rudely breaks the bride's delights;
Repoſing ſabres ſeek their ancient place
To briſtle round a gaping ‖ GORGON's face.

* *Edward* I. *and* III.
† *Henry* V.
‡ *Richard* III.
‖ *Meduſa's head in the armory at the Tower.*

The wearied arms groteſquely deck the wall,
And tatter'd trophies fret the Royal * hall.
But Peace in vain on the blood-fatten'd plains
From a redundant horn her treaſures rains;
She deals her gifts; but in a uſeleſs hour,
To glut the iron hand of griping pow'r:
Such LANCASTER, whom harraſs'd Britain ſaw,
Maſk'd in the garb of antiquated Law:
More politic than wiſe, more wiſe than great;
A legiſlator to enſlave the ſtate;
Cooly malicious; by deſign a knave;
More mean than falſe, ambitious more than brave;
Attach'd to intereſt's more than honour's call;
More ſtrict than juſt, more covetous than all.

Not ſo the Reveller profuſe, his † Son,
His contraſt courſe of tyranny begun;
Robuſt of limb, and fluſh'd with florid grace,
Strength nerv'd his youth, and ſquar'd his jovial face.
To feats of arms and carpet-combats prone,
In either field the vig'rous Monarch ſhone:

* *Weſtminſter-Hall.*
† *Henry* VIII.

Mark'd

Mark'd out for riot each luxurious day
In tournaments and banquets danc'd away.
But ſhift the ſcene, and view what ſlaughters ſtain
Each frantic period of his barb'rous reign:
A Tyrant to the people whom he rul'd,
By ev'ry potentate he dealt with, fool'd;
Sold by one † miniſter, to all unjuſt;
Sway'd by each dictate of diſtemper'd luſt;
Changing each worſhip that controul'd the bent
Of his adult'rous will, and lewd intent;
Big in unwieldy majeſty and pride,
And ſmear'd with Queens and Martyrs blood,
He dy'd.

Paſs we the pious ‡ Youth too ſlightly ſeen;
The murd'rous zeal of a weak Romiſh ‖ Queen:
Nor with faint pencil, impotently vain,
Shadow the glories of ELIZA's reign,
Who ſtill too great, tho' ſome few faults ſhe had,
To catalogue with all thoſe Royal bad.

† *Cardinal Woolſey.*
‡ *Edward* VI.
‖ *Mary.*

Ariſe!

Ariſe! great JAMES! thy courſe of wiſdom run!
Image of David's philoſophic Son!
He comes! on either hand in ſeemly ſtate,
Knowledge and Peace his fondled handmaids wait:
Obſcurely learn'd, elaborately dull,
Of quibbling cant and grace fanatic full,
Thron'd in full ſenates, on his pedant tongue,
Theſe for ſix hours each weighty morning hung;
For theſe each ſtring of royal pow'r he ſtrain'd,
For theſe he ſold whate'er ELIZA gain'd;
For theſe he ſquander'd ev'ry prudent ſtore
The frugal Princeſs had reſerv'd before,
On penſion'd ſycophants and garter'd boys,
Tools of his will, and minions of his joys.
For theſe he let his beggar'd * daughter roam;
Bubbled for theſe by Spaniſh art at home;
For theſe, to ſum the bleſſings of his reign,
Poiſon'd one Son †, and t'other ſent to Spain.

Retire, ſtrict muſe, and thy impartial verſe
In pity ſpare on CHARLES's bleeding herſe;

* *Queen of Bohemia.*
† *Prince Henry and Charles* I.

Or

Or all his faults in blackeſt notes tranſlate
To tombs where rot the authors of his fate;
To luſtful HENRIETTA's Romiſh ſhade
Let all his acts of lawleſs pow'r be laid;
Or to the * Prieſt more Romiſh ſtill than her;
And whoe'er made his gentle virtues err.

On the next † Prince expell'd his native land
In vain Affliction laid her iron hand;
Fortune or fair or frowning, on his ſoul
Cou'd ſtamp no virtue, and no vice controul;
Honour, or morals, gratitude, or truth,
Nor learn'd his ripen'd age, nor knew his youth;
The care of Nations left to whores or chance,
Plund'rer of Britain, penſioner of France;
Free to buffoons, to miniſters deny'd,
He lived an atheiſt, and a bigot dy'd.

The reins of Empire, or reſign'd or ſtole,
Are truſted next to JAMES's weak controul;
Him, meditating to ſubvert the laws,
His Hero ‖ Son in Freedom's beauteous cauſe

* *Archbiſhop Laud.*
† *Charles* II.
‖ *William* III.

Roſe

Roſe to chaſtiſe: ‡ unhappy ſtill! howe'er
Poſterity the gallant action bear.

Thus have I try'd of Kings and Prieſts to ſing,
And all the ills that from their vices ſpring;
While victor GEORGE thunders o'er either Spain,
Revenges Britain and aſſerts the Main;
To ‖ willing Indians deals our equal laws,
And from his Country's voice affects applauſe;
§ What time fair Florence on her peaceful ſhore,
Free from the din of war and battle's roar,
Has lap'd me trifler in inglorious eaſe,
Modelling precepts that may ſerve and pleaſe;
Yours is the taſk------and glorious is the plan,
To build the Free, the Senſible, GOOD MAN.

‡ *Infelix utcumque ferent ea facta minores!* VIRG.

‖ ---------- *Volentes*
Per populos dat jura viamque affectat Olympo.
VIRG.

§ *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat*
Parthenope, ſtudiis Florentem ignobilis oti. VIRG.

IN-

INSCRIPTION

For the neglected Column

In the Place of

ST. MARK AT FLORENCE.

[*Written in the Year* 1740.]

ESCAP'D a * Race, whoſe vanity ne'er rais'd
A Monument, but when Themſelves IT prais'd,
Sacred to Truth O! let this Column riſe,
Pure from falſe Trophies and inſcriptive Lies!
Let no Enſlavers of their Country here
In impudent Relievo dare appear:
No Pontiff by a ruin'd Nation's blood
Luſting to aggrandize His Baſtard brood:

* *The Family of Medici.*

Be here no † Clement, ‡ Alexander ſeen,
No poys'ning ‖ Cardinal, or poys'ning § Queen:
No Coſmo, or the ¶ bigot Duke, or * He
Great from the wounds of dying Liberty.
No ‡‡ Lorrainer------one lying §§ Arch ſuffice
To tell his Virtues and his Victories:

† *Cardinal Julio de' Medici, afterwards Clement* VII.

‡ *Alexander, the firſt Duke of Florence, killed by Lorenzino de' Medici.*

‖ *Ferdinand the Great, was firſt Cardinal and then became Great Duke, by poyſoning his elder Brother Francis* I. *and his wife Bianca Capello.*

§ *Catherine of Medici, wife of Henry* II. *King of France.*

¶ *Coſmo* III.

* *Coſmo the Great enſlaved the Republics of Florence and Siena.*

‡‡ *Francis* II. *Duke of Lorrain, which He gave up to France, againſt the Command of his Mother, and the Petitions of all his Subjects, and had Tuſcany in Exchange.*

§§ *The Triumphal Arch erected to Him without the Porta San Gallo.*

Beneath

Beneath his foſt'ring eye how * Commerce thriv'd,
Beneath his Smile how drooping Arts reviv'd:
Let IT relate, e'er ſince His Rule begun,
Not what He has, but what He ſhou'd have done.

Level with Freedom, let this Pillar mourn,
Nor riſe, before the radi'ant Bliſs return;
Then tow'ring boldly to the Skies proclaim
Whate'er ſhall be the Patriot Hero's Name,
Who, a new BRUTUS, ſhall his Country free,
And, like a GOD, ſhall ſay, LET THERE BE LIBERTY!

* *Two Inſcriptions over the leſſer Arches call him "Reſtitutor Commercii, and Propagator Bonarum "Artium," as his Equeſtrian Statue on Horſeback trampling on Turks, on the ſummit, repreſents the victories that He was deſigned to gain over that People, when He received the command of the Emperor's Armies, but was prevented by ſome Fevers.*

The BEAUTIES.

An EPISTLE to Mr. ECKARDT the Painter.

[*Written in the Year* 1746.]

DEſponding artiſt, talk no more
Of Beauties of the days of yore,
Of Goddeſſes renown'd in Greece,
And ZEUXIS' compoſition-piece,
Where every nymph that could at moſt
Some ſingle grace or feature boaſt,
Contributed her favorite charm
To perfect the ideal form.
'Twas CYNTHIA's brow, 'twas LESBIA's eye,
'Twas CLOE's cheek's vermilion dye;
ROXANA lent the noble air,
Diſhevell'd flow'd ASPASIA's hair,
And CUPID much too fondly preſs'd
His mimic mother THAIS' breaſt.

Antiquity, how poor thy uſe!
A ſingle Venus to produce!

Friend

Friend Eckardt, ancient ſtory quit,
Nor mind whatever Pliny writ;
Felibien and Freſnoy diſclaim,
Who talk of Raphael's matchleſs fame,
Of Titian's tints, Corregio's grace,
And Carlo's each Madonna face,
As if no Beauties now were made,
But Nature had forgot her trade.
'Twas Beauty guided Raphael's line,
From heavenly Women ſtyl'd divine;
They warm'd old Titian's fancy too,
And what he could not taſte, he drew:
Think you Devotion warm'd his breaſt
When Carlo with ſuch looks expreſs'd
His virgins, that her vot'ries feel
Emotions-------not, I'm ſure, of zeal?

In Britain's iſle obſerve the Fair,
And curious chuſe your models there;
Such patterns as ſhall raiſe your name
To rival ſweet Corregio's fame:
Each ſingle piece ſhall be a teſt,
And Zeuxis' patchwork but a jeſt;
Who ranſack'd Greece, and cull'd the age
To bring one Goddeſs on the ſtage:

On

On your each canvaſs we'll admire
The charms of the whole heav'nly choir.

Majeſtic Juno ſhall be ſeen
In * HERVEY's glorious awful mien.
Where † FITZROY moves, reſplendent Fair;
So warm her bloom, ſublime her air;
Her ebon treſſes, form'd to grace,
And heighten while they ſhade her face;
Such troops of martial youth around,
Who court the hand that gives the wound;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas ſtands confeſs'd,
Tho' ‡ STANHOPE's more than Paris bleſs'd.
So ‖ CLEVELAND ſhone in warlike pride,
By Lely's pencil deify'd:
So § GRAFTON, matchleſs dame, commands;
The faireſt work of Kneller's hands:

* *Miſs Hervey, now Lady Lepelle Phipps.*

† *Lady Caroline Fitzroy.*

‡ *Lord Peterſham.*

‖ *The Ducheſs of Cleveland like Pallas among the beauties at Windſor.*

§ *The Ducheſs of Grafton among the beauties at Hampton-Court.*

The

The blood that warm'd each amorous court,
In veins as rich ſtill loves to ſport:
And George's age beholds reſtor'd,
What William boaſted, Charles ador'd.

For Venus's the Trojan ne'er
Was half ſo puzzled to declare:
Ten Queens of Beauty, ſure I ſee!
Yet ſure the true is * EMILY:
Such majeſty of youth and air,
Yet modeſt as the village fair:
Attracting all, indulging none,
Her beauty like the glorious Sun
Thron'd eminently bright above,
Impartial warms the world to love.

In ſmiling † CAPEL's bounteous look
Rich Autumn's Goddeſs is miſtook:
With poppies and with ſpiky corn,
Eckardt, her nut-brown curls adorn;
And by her ſide, in decent line,
Place charming ‡ BERKELEY, Proſerpine.

* *Lady Emily Lenox, now Counteſs of Kildare.*
† *Lady Mary Capel.*
‡ *Elizabeth Drax Counteſs of Berkeley.*

Mild

Mild as a ſummer ſea, ſerene,
In dimpled beauty next be ſeen
* AYLESB'RY, like hoary Neptune's Queen.

With her the light-diſpenſing Fair,
Whoſe beauty gilds the morning air,
And bright as her attendant ſun,
The new Aurora, † LYTTLETON.
Such ‡ Guido's pencil beauty-tip'd,
And in etherial colours dip'd,
In meaſur'd dance to tuneful ſong
Drew the ſweet Goddeſs, as along
Heaven's azure 'neath their light feet ſpread,
The buxom Hours ſhe faireſt led.

The creſcent on her brow diſplay'd,
In curls of lovelieſt brown inlaid,
With every charm to rule the night,
Like Dian, ‖ STRAFFORD woos the ſight;

* *Caroline Campbell Counteſs of Ayleſbury.*

† *Miſs Lucy Forteſcue, firſt wife of George now Lord Lyttleton.*

‡ *Guido's Aurora in the Roſpiglioſi Palace at Rome.*

‖ *Lady Anne Campbell Counteſs of Strafford.*

The

The eaſy ſhape, the piercing eye,
The ſnowy boſom's purity,
The unaffected gentle phraſe
Of native wit in all ſhe ſays;
Eckardt, for theſe thy art's too faint:
You may admire, but cannot paint.

How Hebe ſmil'd, what bloom divine
On the young Goddeſs lov'd to ſhine,
From † CARPENTER we gueſs, or ſee
All-beauteous ‡ MANNERS beam from thee.

How pretty Flora, wanton maid,
By Zephyr woo'd in noon-tide ſhade,
With roſy hand coquetly throwing
Panſies, beneath her ſweet touch blowing;
How blithe ſhe look'd, let ‖ FANNY tell;
Let Zephyr own if half ſo well.

Another § Goddeſs of the year,
Fair Queen of ſummer, ſee, appear;

† *Miſs Carpenter, ſince Counteſs of Egremont.*

‡ *Miſs Manners, ſince married to Capt. Hall.*

‖ *Miſs Fanny Maccartney, married to Mr. Greville.*

§ *Pomona.*

Her auburn locks with fruitage crown'd,
Her panting boſom looſely bound,
Etherial beauty in her face,
Rather the beauties of her race,
Whence ev'ry Goddeſs, envy-ſmit,
Muſt own each Stonehouſe meets in ‖ PITT.

Exhauſted all the heav'nly train,
How many Mortals yet remain,
Whoſe eyes ſhall try your pencil's art,
And in my numbers claim a part?
Our ſiſter Muſes muſt deſcribe
§ CHUDLEIGH, or name her of the tribe;
And ‡ JULIANA with the Nine
Shall aid the melancholy line,
To weep her dear † Reſemblance gone,
Where all theſe beauties met in One.
Sad fate of beauty! more I ſee,
Afflicted, lovely family!

§ *Miſs Atkins, now Mrs. Pitt. Lady Atkins, her mother, was a Stonehouſe.*

‖ *Miſs Chudleigh.*

‡ *Lady Juliana Farmor, ſince married to Mr. Pen.*

† *Lady Sophia Farmor, Counteſs of Granville.*

Two

Two beateous Nymphs here, Painter, place,
Lamenting o'er their * ſiſter Grace,
‖ One, matron-like, with ſober grief,
Scarce gives her pious ſighs relief;
While § t'other lovely Maid appears
In all the melting pow'r of tears;
The ſofteſt form, the gentleſt grace,
The ſweeteſt harmony of face;
Her ſnowy limbs, and artleſs move
Contending with the Queen of Love,
While baſhful beauty ſhuns the prize,
Which EMILY might yield to EVELYN's eyes.

* *Miſs Mary Evelyn.*

‖ *Mrs. Boone.*

§ *Miſs Elizabeth Evelyn, ſince married to Peter Bathurſt, Eſq;*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to TAMERLANE,

On the Suppreſſion of the REBELLION.

Spoken by Mrs. *Pritchard*, in the Character of the COMIC MUSE, *Nov.* 4, 1746.

BRITONS, once more in annual joy we meet
This genial night in Freedom's fav'rite ſeat:
And o'er the ‖ two great empires ſtill I reign
Of Covent-Garden, and of Drury-Lane.
But ah! what clouds o'er all our realms impended!
Our ruin artleſs prodigies portended.
Chains, real chains, our Heroes had in view,
And ſcenes of mimic dungeons chang'd to true.
An equal fate the Stage and Britain dreaded,
Had Rome's young miſſionary Spark ſucceeded.
But Laws and Liberties are trifling treaſures;
He threaten'd that grave property, your Pleaſures.

‖ *The two great empires of the world I know,*
This of Peru, and that of Mexico.
INDIAN EMPEROR.

For

For me, an idle Muſe, I ne'er diſſembled
My fears; but e'en my tragic Siſter trembled:
O'er all her Sons ſhe caſt her mournful eyes,
And heav'd her breaſt more than dramatic ſighs;
To eyes well-tutor'd in the trade of grief,
She rais'd a ſmall and well-lac'd handkerchief;
And then with decent pauſe----and accent broke,
Her buſkin'd progeny the Dame beſpoke:
" Ah! Sons, ‖ our dawn is over-caſt, and all
" Theatric glories nodding to their fall;
" From foreign realms a bloody Chief is come,
" Big with the work of Slav'ry and of Rome.
" A general ruin on his ſword he wears,
" Fatal alike to Audience and to Play'rs.
" For ah! my ſons, what freedom for the Stage,
" When bigotry with ſenſe ſhall battle wage?
" When monkiſh Laureats only wear the bays,
" § Inquiſitors Lord Chamberlains of plays?

‖ *The dawn is over-caſt, the morning lours,*
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome, CATO.

§ *Cibber preſide Lord Chancellor of Plays.* POPE.

" Plays

" Plays ſhall be damn'd that 'ſcap'd the Critic's rage,
" For Prieſts are ſtill worſe Tyrants to the Stage.
" Cato, receiv'd by audiences ſo gracious,
" Shall find ten Cæſars in one St. Ignatius:
" And godlike Brutus here ſhall meet again
" His evil Genius in a Capuchin.
" For hereſy the fav'rites of the pit
" Muſt burn, and excommunicated wit;
" And at one ſtake we ſhall behold expire
" My Anna Bullen, and the Spaniſh Fryar.

" Ev'n ‖ Tamerlane, whoſe ſainted name appears
" Red-letter'd in the calendar of play'rs,
" Oft as theſe feſtal rites attend the morn
" Of liberty reſtor'd, and WILLIAM born------
" But at That Name what tranſports flood my eyes!
" What golden viſion's this I ſee ariſe!

‖ *Tamerlane is always acted on the 4th and 5th of November, the Anniverſaries of King William's birth and landing.*

" What

" What Youth is he with comelieſt conqueſt crown'd,
" His warlike brow with full-blown laurels bound?
" What wreaths are theſe that Vict'ry dares to join,
" And blend with trophies of my fav'rite Boyne?
" Oh! if the Muſe can happy aught preſage,
" Of new deliv'rance to the State and Stage;
" If not untaught the characters to ſpell
" Of all who bravely fight or conquer well;
" ‖ Thou ſhalt be WILLIAM------like the Laſt deſign'd
" The tyrant's ſcourge, and bleſſing of mankind;
" Born civil tumult and blind zeal to quell,
" That teaches happy ſubjects to rebel.
" Naſſau himſelf but half our vows ſhall ſhare,
" Divide our incenſe and divide our pray'r;
" And oft as Tamerlane ſhall lend his fame
" To ſhadow His, thy rival Star ſhall claim
" § Th' ambiguous laurel and the doubtful name.

‖ *Tu Marcellus eris.* VIRG.

§ *Conditor Iliados cantabitur atque Maronis*
Altiſoni dubiam facientia carmina palmam. JUV.

THE

THE ENTAIL, A FABLE.

IN a fair Summer's radiant morn
A BUTTERFLY, divinely born,
Whoſe lineage dated from the mud
Of Noah's or Deucalion's flood,
Long hov'ring round a perfum'd lawn,
By various guſts of odours drawn,
At laſt eſtabliſh'd his repoſe
On the rich boſom of a Roſe.

* *This piece was occaſioned by the author being aſked [after he had finiſhed the little caſtle at Strawberry-hill and adorned it with the portraits and arms of his anceſtors] if he did not deſign to entail it on his Family?*

The

The palace pleas'd the lordly gueſt:
What inſect own'd a prouder neſt?
The dewy leaves luxurious ſhed
Their balmy odours o'er his head,
And with their ſilken tapeſtry fold
His limbs enthron'd on central gold.
He thinks the thorns embattled round
To guard his caſtle's lovely mound,
And all the buſh's wide domain
Subſervient to his fancied reign.

Such ample bleſſings ſwell'd the FLY!
Yet in his mind's capacious eye
He roll'd the change of mortal things,
The common fate of Flies and Kings.
With grief he ſaw how lands and honours
Are apt to ſlide to various owners;
Where Mowbrays dwelt how Grocers dwell,
And how Cits buy what Barons ſell.
" Great Phœbus, patriarch of my line,
" Avert ſuch ſhame from Sons of thine!
" To them confirm theſe roofs," he ſaid;
And then he ſwore an oath ſo dread,
The ſtouteſt Waſp that wears a ſword,
Had trembled to have heard the word!

" If Law can rivet down entails,
" Theſe manours ne'er ſhall paſs to ſnails.
" I ſwear"----and then he ſmote his ermine----
" Theſe tow'rs were never built for vermine."

A CATERPILLAR grovel'd near,
A ſubtle ſlow Conveyancer,
Who ſummon'd, waddles with his quill
To draw the haughty Inſect's will.
None but his Heirs muſt own the ſpot,
Begotten, or to be begot:
Each leaf he binds, each bud he ties
To eggs of eggs of BUTTERFLIES.

When lo! how Fortune loves to teaze
Thoſe who would dictate her decrees!
A wanton BOY was paſſing by;
The wanton child beheld the FLY,
And eager ran to ſeize the prey;
But too impetuous in his play,
Cruſh'd the proud Tenant of an hour,
And ſwept away the MANSION-FLOW'R.

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM
On Admiral VERNON
Preſiding over the HERRING-FISHERY, MDCCL.

LONG in the Senate had brave VERNON rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue aſſail'd:
Sick of his noiſe, we wearied heav'n with pray'r
In his own element to place the Tar.
The Gods at length have yielded to our wiſh,
And bad Him rule o'er Billingſgate and Fiſh.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

On the Cenotaph of Lady WALPOLE, *erected in the Chapel of* HENRY VII. *in* WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, *in July* 1754.

To the Memory
OF
Catherine Lady Walpole,
Eldeſt Daughter of JOHN SHORTER Eſq;
of BYBROOK in KENT,
AND
Firſt Wife of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,
afterwards EARL of ORFORD,

Horace,
Her youngeſt Son,
Conſecrates this MONUMENT.

She

She had beauty and wit
Without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts
Without affectation.
She was devout,
Though without bigotry to any ſect;
And was without prejudice to any party,
Though the Wife of a Miniſter,
Whoſe power She eſteemed,
But when She could employ it to benefit the miſerable,
Or to reward the meritorious.
She loved a private life,
Though born to ſhine in public;
And was an ornament to Courts,
* Untainted by them.

She died AUGUST 20, 1737.

* *Mr.* POPE *ſaid,* "*She was untainted by a Court.*"

She had beauty and wit
Without vice or vanity,
And cultivated the arts
Without affectation;
She was devout
Though without bigotry to any sect;
And was without prejudice to any party,
Though the Wife of a Minister,
Whole power She equal
But when She could employ it to benefit the unfortunate,
Or to reward the meritorious.
She loved a private life,
Though born to shine in public;
And was an ornament to Courts.
* Untainted by them.

She died August 20, 1737.

* Before died, "She was untainted by Courts."

A

SCHEME

FOR RAISING

A large Sum of Money for the Uſe of the

GOVERNMENT,

By laying a TAX on

MESSAGE-CARDS and NOTES.

Firſt printed in N° II. *of the* Muſeum, *April*, 1746.

To the Keeper of the MUSEUM.

SIR,

AS you have opened a *Muſeum* for literary *Curioſities*, I think the following paper may merit a place in your repoſitory, which I aſk for it upon the genuine foot of a *rarity*. The notion I have of a *Muſeum*, is an hoſpital for every thing that is *ſingular*; whether the thing have acquired ſingularity, from having eſcaped the rage of Time; from any natural oddneſs in itſelf, or from being ſo inſignificant, that nobody ever thought it worth their while to produce

produce any more of the ſame ſort. Intrinſic value has little or no property in the merit of *curioſities*. Miſers, though the moſt intenſe of all *collectors*, are never allowed to be *virtuoſoes*, becauſe guineas, dollars, ducats, *&c.* are too common to deſerve the title of *rarities*; and unleſs one man could attain to the poſſeſſion of the whole ſpecie, he would never be ſaid to have a fine *collection* of money. Neither * Sir Gilded Hçathen, nor the late † Princeſs of Mildenheim, were ever eſteemed *virtuoſoes*. A Phyſician who lives in a garret, and does not get a guinea in a week, is more renowned for the poſſeſſion of an illegible *Carauſius*, than Dr. Mithridate, who unloads his pocket every night of twenty or thirty new *Lima* guineas.

To inſtance in two ſorts of things, which I ſaid had pretenſions to places in a *Muſeum*. If the learned World could be ſo happy as to diſcover a *Roman*'s old ſhoe (provided that the Literati were agreed it were a ſhoe, and not a leathern caſque, a drinking veſſel, a ballotting box, or an Empreſſes head-attire) ſuch ſhoe would

* *Sir Gilbert Heathcote.*

† *Ducheſs of Marlborough.*

would immediately have the *entreé* into any collection in Europe; even though it appeared to be the ſhoe of the moſt vulgar artizan in Rome, and not to have belonged to any beau of Claſſic memory. And the reaſon is plain; not that there is any intrinſic value in an old ſhoe, but becauſe an old Roman ſhoe would be a *Unique*; a term which you, Sir, who have erected a *Muſeum*, know perfectly well is a patent of *Antiquity*. Natural oddity is another kind of merit which I mentioned. Monſtrous births, hermaphrodites, petrifactions, *&c.* are all true members of a collection. A man perfectly virtuous might be laid up in a *Muſeum*, not for any intrinſic worth, but for being a *rarity*; and a *dealer* might honeſtly demand five hundred pounds for ſuch a man of Sir Hans Sloane or Dr. Meade. A third ſort (and I will not run into any more deſcriptions) are things become *rare* from their inſignificance. Of this ſpecies was that noble collection of fooliſh tracts in the Harleian library, puritanical ſermons, party-pamphlets, voyages, *&c.* which being too ſtupid to be ever re-printed, grew valuable, as they grew ſcarce. So modern a thing as a Queen Anne's Farthing has riſen to the dignity of a curioſity, merely becauſe there were but a

few of them ſtruck. Some induſtrious artiſts, who would have the greateſt ſcruple of counterfeiting the current coin of the kingdom, have been ſo blinded by their love of *virtù*, as to imitate theſe rare farthings, looking upon them ſolely as *curioſities*. I juſt mention this for the ſake of thoſe laborious medalliſts; becauſe the preſent honorable Attorney-General, though a very learned man, is no *Antiquarian*, and might poſſibly be of an opinion, that thoſe admirable copies would come under the penalties of the ſtatute againſt clipping and coining.

But to come to my point. It is under this laſt denomination, Sir, that I apply to you for a place in your *Muſeum*. A ſcheme for raiſing money may (as I fear the age is too obſtinate in their luxury to ſuffer their follies to be taxed) be admitted into a *collection*, as well as ſome of thoſe pieces which I mentioned to have filled the Harleian ſhelves; eſpecially as it will have a double title to a rarity. Firſt, from never having been thought of by any other perſon; and ſecondly, as it will give poſterity ſome light into the cuſtoms of the preſent age. It is this merit that has preſerved the works of the elder Pliny,

an

an author who in his own time, I ſuppoſe, was upon a little better foot than the editors of the *Daily Advertiſers*, the *Vade-Mecums*, and the *Magazines*. We are glad to know now how much a luxurious Roman laid out on a ſupper, a ſlave or a villa, a miſtreſs or a tame carp; how much Pompey expended on a public ſhow; or to read the order of a proceſſion. But though this author now elbows Virgil and Horace, and equally em ploys the ſpectacles of the Gronovius's and the Harduins, I am perſuaded his works at Rome were never advanced above being read in the Steward's parlour. But hereafter I expect, that Mr. Salmon, Sylvanus Urban, and myſelf, ſhall be as good claſſics as Mr. Pope and Mr. Prior.

One of the lateſt and moſt accepted faſhions is the *ſending Cards* and *Notes*: A cuſtom that might perhaps eſcape the knowledge of poſterity, if you and I, Sir, did not jointly tranſmit an account of it down to them. No buſineſs, that is no buſineſs, is now carried on in this great city, but by this expedient. How Congreve, Farquhar, and the Comic writers of the laſt age would be chagrined, to find that half the wit of

their plays is already obſolete! Foible and Archer are grown dull characters by the diſuſe of verbal meſſages. But thank heaven! the age has made great progreſs in litterature, and all thoſe fatal miſtakes and irreparable quarrels that formerly happened in the polite world, by Ladies truſting long meſſages to the faithleſs memory of ſervants, are now remedied by their giving themſelves the trouble to tranſmit their commands to cards and paper; at once improving themſelves in ſpelling, and adjuſting the whole ceremonial of engagements, without the poſſibility of errors. Not to mention the great encouragement given to the Stationary trade, by the large demands for crow-quills, paper, wafers, *&c.* commodities that are all the natural produce of this country.

I know a celebrated legiſlator and reformer of manners, who not being ſo deeply read in the faſhions as he is in the vices of the age, was unhappily drawn into a miſtake by his ignorance of this cuſtom. About two years ago, this gentleman had thoughts of enforcing and *letting out* the laws againſt gaming; and being very nice and exact in his method of proceeding, he was determined to lay before Parliament, a calcula-

tion

tion of the numbers of gameſters, games, and circulation of money played for in the cities of London and Weſtminſter. In order to this, he firſt went to an eminent card-maker, and enquired into the ebb and flow of his buſineſs; and with great ſecret ſatisfaction was informed, that the tradeſman ſold, upon a moderate computation, twenty dozen packs of cards in a week, more than he uſed to do a few years ago. The honeſt reformer was exceſſively pleaſed with his diſcovery; for a real zealot is never ſo happy as when he finds vice grown to ſo monſtrous a height, that every body will allow it neceſſary to be regulated. But he was terribly puzzled when the card-maker told him, that at leaſt two thirds of the number were *blank cards*, or cards without pips. To ſatisfy his ſurprize, he even ventured himſelf into a celebrated gaming-houſe at this end of the town; to find out in what game the libertines of this age had ſo far refined upon their anceſtors, as to be able to practiſe with pipleſs cards. In ſhort, it was not till ſome time after, that he diſcover'd that theſe *blank cards* were on purpoſe to write meſſages. He then exclaimed againſt the extravagance of our

women,

women, who would not condeſcend to uſe their old cards to write upon, but were at the expence of clean ones; but it was proved to him, that a woman of moderate faſhion could not poſſibly have cards enough uſed at her houſe to ſerve her for meſſages, and that therefore it was cheaper to purchaſe blank cards, becauſe not being ſtamped, they pay no duty, and are conſequently half in half cheaper to the conſumer. For example; ſuppoſing a lady has but one aſſembly a month, to which ſhe invites four hundred perſons; many diſappointing her, ſix perſons belonging to each table, two or three ſets playing with the ſame cards, and ſeveral not playing at all, we may reckon that ſhe never has above ten tables, to which allowing two packs, ſhe, at that rate, can uſe but twenty packs a month; now I ſhall eaſily make it appear, that *that* number cannot ſupply her with decent materials for meſſages. For inſtance,

20 packs at 52 cards *per* pack - - - 1040.

Now ſhe muſt ſend cards to invite all theſe people, which will employ four hundred of the thouſand and odd; and allowing her to ſend but twenty

twenty private meſſages every morning, in howd'ye's, appointments, diſappointments, *&c.* and to make but ten viſits every *night* before ſhe ſettles for the *evening*, at each of which ſhe muſt leave her name on a card, the account will ſtand thus:

Meſſages to 400 people - - -	400
20 Meſſages a day, will be *per* month -	560
10 Viſits a night, will be *per* month -	280
Total	1240

Which, without including extraordinary occaſions, as a quarrel, with all its train of conſequences, explanations, ceſſation of hoſtilities, renewal of civilities, *&c.* makes her debtor to two hundred cards more than ſhe is creditor for. I know it may be objected, that a good oeconomiſt will cut one card into three names; but if ſhe lives in a good part of the town, and chuſes to inſert the place of her abode under her name, that will be impoſſible. Before I quit this article of leaving one's name, I muſt mention a ſtory of a Frenchman, from whoſe nation we are ſaid to borrow this cuſtom, who being very devout

devout and very well-bred, went to hear maſs at the church of a particular ſaint in Paris; but ſome reparations being making to the church, which prevented the celebration of divine ſervice, the Gentleman, to ſhew he had not been wanting in his duty, left his name on a card for the Saint on his altar.

I ſhall now proceed to acquaint you with my ſcheme, which is, to lay a tax on *cards* and *notes*; the latter of which are only a more volumnious kind of *cards*, and more ſacred; becauſe a footman is allowed to read the former, but is depended upon for never opening the latter. Indeed, if the party-coloured gentry's honour were not to be truſted, what fatal accidents might ariſe to families! for there is not a young lady in London under five and twenty, who does not tranſact all her moſt important concerns in this way. She does not fall in love, ſhe does not change her lover, or her fan, her party or her ſtaymaker, but ſhe notifies it to twenty particular friends by a *note*; nay, ſhe even inquires or truſts by note where the only good lavender-water in town is to be ſold. I cannot help

help mentioning to the honour of theſe fair virgins, that after the fatal day of Fontenoy, they all wrote their notes on Indian paper, which being red, when inſcribed with Japan ink, made a melancholly military kind of elegy on the brave youths who occaſioned the faſhion, and were often the honorable ſubject of the epiſtle.

I think the loweſt computations make the inhabitants of this great metropolis to be eight hundred thouſand. I will be ſo very moderate as to ſuppoſe that not above twenty thouſand of theſe are obliged to *ſend cards*, becauſe I really have not yet heard that this faſhion has ſpread much among the lower ſort of people; at leaſt I know, that my own Fiſhmonger's wife was extremely ſurprized laſt week at receiving an invitation to an aſſembly at Billingſgate, written on a very dirty queen of clubs. Therefore as it is the indiſpenſable duty of a legiſlature to impoſe taxes where they will fall the lighteſt, no body will diſpute the gentleneſs of this duty, which I would not have exceed one penny *per card.* I ſhall recur to my former computation of a lady's ſending 1240 *cards per* month, or

16120 *per annum*, which multiplied by 20,000, and reduced to pounds *ſterling*, fixes the produce of the duty at £.1343333 6 *s.* 8 *d.* a year for the cities of London and Weſtminſter only. But ſhould this appear too enormous a ſum to be thrown into the ſcale of miniſterial influence, I beg it may be conſidered that for near four months in the year this tax will produce little or nothing, by the diſperſion of the nobility and gentry, and the diſuſe of viſits and aſſemblies; and I cannot think that what may be raiſed by this tax in all the reſt of the kingdom, will replace the deficiency of one third which may fail in the capital.

I have not reckoned notes, becauſe it will be time enough to conſider them when the bill is brought in, as well as to what province of the great officers of the crown this duty ſhall belong. Whether the ſum of a penny may bring it under the inſpection of the tribunal in Lombard-ſtreet, or whether the buſineſs negotiated may not ſubject it to the Lord Chamberlain's office: For as to the Groom-Porter, the claim which I foreſee he will put in under the notion of tranſactions with

with cards, I think it will be of no weight. A friend of mine, to whom I communicated my ſcheme, was of opinion, that where-ever the duty was collected, the office would be a court of record, becauſe as I propoſe that all engagements ſhould be regiſtered, it would be an eaſy matter to compile a diary of a Lady of Quality's whole life. One caveat I muſt put in, which is, that the tax being to be laid chiefly on people of faſhion, it may not be allowed to Members of either Houſe to frank their wives *cards*, which would almoſt entirely annihilate this ſupply for the ſervice of the government.

I propoſe too, that printed *cards* (a late improvement) ſhould be liable to the ſtamp duties, for though this practice has not hitherto made great progreſs, yet ſuch induſtry is uſed to evade Acts of Parliament, that I am perſuaded we ſhould no longer hear of written cards, though the greater part of the card muſt neceſſarily be left blank to inſert the name and quality of the perſon invited, the day appointed, and the buſineſs to be performed.

The moſt of a *meſſage card* that ever I have ſeen printed, was as follows:

" *Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's.-------*to*--------*and*
" ----------*ſhe*--------*of*----------*company on*
" ---------*to*---------."

I ſhall add two other cards with theſe blanks filled up, to ſhew that the reſt of the meſſage cannot be certain enough to be left to the printer.

" *Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's *humble ſervice* to *her*
" *Grace the Ducheſs of* T. and *begs* the
" *honour* of *her* company on *Monday five*
" *weeks to drink Tea.*"

" *Lady* M. M. *or* N. N's. *company to Mrs.* B.
" and *deſires the favour* of *her* company
" *to-morrow* to *play at Whiſk.*"

I have a ſecret ſatisfaction in thinking how popular I ſhall be with the Gentlemen of the upper Gallery, who, by this eſtabliſhment of poſts

poſts for *cards* and *notes*, will get all their mornings to themſelves, and have time to dreſs themſelves for the play, or even to read the play on which they are to paſs their judgment in the evening. Indeed this toil of theirs has already been ſomewhat abridged by the indefatigable care and generoſity of that learned and exact lady, the Lady *Northriding*, who introduced the uſe of viſiting maps: Every lady has now a particular map of her own viſits, accurately engraved for a trifling expence, and can ſend her cards, or bid her coachman drive methodically to all her acquaintance, who, by this invention, are diſtributed into ſquares, pariſhes, hundreds, *&c.*

I do not know how far it may be neceſſary to licence the *cards* of foreign Miniſters; but as thoſe illuſtrious perſonages pretty ſteadily adhere to the dignity of their character, and do not frequently let themſelves down to divert the natives of the country, if my poor aſſiſtance ſhould be required by the legiſlature in drawing up the bill, I ſhould not be againſt granting this immunity to the repreſentatives of ſo many great

Monarchs

Monarchs and Princes. But I am entirely againſt any other exceptions, unleſs of ſome fair and noble Ladies, who I hear intend to give balls on the approaching birth-day of the * *Royal Youth*, who has ſo glorioufly delivered his country and beauteous country women from their apprehenſions of a race of barbarous mountaineers; and who is now extirpating rebellion in the very heart of thoſe inhoſpitable mountains.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

DESCARTES.

* *The Duke of Cumberland.*

ADVER-

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THE

The WORLD*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VI. *Thurſday, February* 8, 1753.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

‖ *Totum mundum agit hiſtrio.*

SIR,

AS you have choſen the whole World for your province, one may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that you will not neglect that epitome of it, the Theatre. Moſt of your predeceſſors have beſtowed their favorite pains upon it: The learned and the critics (generally two very diſ-

* *A periodical Paper, undertaken by Mr. E. Moore, author of ſeveral plays and poems. The* WORLD *has been re-printed in ſix volumes,* 12*mo.*

‖ *The Play-houſe Motto reverſed:* "*Totus Mundus agit Hiſtrionem.*"

tinct

tinct denominations of men) have employed many hours and much paper in comparing the ancient and modern ſtage. I ſhall not undertake to decide a queſtion which ſeems to me ſo impoſſible to determined, as which have moſt merit, plays written in a dead language, and which we can only read; or ſuch as we every day ſee acted inimitably, in a tongue familiar to us, and adapted to our common ideas and cuſtoms. The only preference that I ſhall pretend to give to the modern ſtage over Greece and Rome, relates to the ſubject of the preſent letter: I mean the daily progreſs we make towards *nature*. This will ſtartle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand, whether * Juliet's nurſe be a more natural goſſip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the repreſentation of either perſons or characters. The improvement of nature, which I had in view, alluded to thoſe excellent exhibitions of the animal or inanimate parts of the creation, which are furniſhed by the worthy philoſophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor; and having perceived that art

* *In Shakeſpear's Romeo and Juliet.*

was

was become ſo perfect that it was neceſſary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced ‡ a caſcade of real water.

I know there are perſons of a ſyſtematic turn, who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful water-fall, from the reality of the element, but merely becauſe they are pleaſed with the novelty of any thing that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you, that the town is charmed with a genuine caſcade upon the ſtage, and were in raptures laſt year with one of Tin at Vauxhall. But this is certainly prejudice: The world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never ſated with ſhow, is ſick of fiction. I foreſee the time approaching, when deluſion will not be ſuffered in any part of the drama: The inimitable Serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, and the amorous Oſtrich in the Sorcerer, ſhall be replaced by real monſters from Afric. It is well known that the pantomime of the Genii narrowly eſcaped being damned on my Lady Maxim's obſerving very

‡ *In the Pantomime of the Genii.*

judiciouſly,

judiciouſly, *That the brick-kiln was horridly executed, and did not ſmell at all like one.*

When this entire caſtigation of improprieties is brought about, the age will do juſtice to one of the firſt reformers of the ſtage, Mr. Cibber, who eſſayed to introduce a taſte for real nature in his Cæſar in Egypt, and treated the audience with real-------not ſwans indeed, for that would have been too bold an attempt in the dawn of truth, but very perſonable geeſe. The inventor, like other original genius's, was treated ill by a barbarous age: Yet I can venture to affirm, that a ſtricter adherence to reality would have ſaved even thoſe times from being ſhocked by abſurdities, always incidental to fiction. I myſelf remember, how, much about that æra, the great Seneſino, repreſenting Alexander at the ſiege of Oxydracæ, ſo far forgot himſelf in the heat of conqueſt, as to ſtick his ſword into one of the paſteboard ſtones of the wall of the town, and bore it in triumph before him as he entered the breach; a puerility ſo renowned a General could never have committed, if the ramparts had been built, as in this enlightened age they would be, of actual brick and ſtone.

Will you forgive an elderly man, Mr. Fitz-Adam, if he cannot help recollecting another paſſage that happened in his youth, and to the ſame excellent performer? He was ſtepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but treading ſhort, as he was more attentive to the accompanyment of the orcheſtra than to the breadth of the ſhore, he fell proſtrate, and lay for ſome time in great pain, with the edge of a wave running into his ſide. In the preſent ſtate of things, the worſt that could have happened to him, would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, eſpecially in the ſight of a Britiſh audience!

If you will allow me to wander a little from the ſtage, I ſhall obſerve that this purſuit of nature is not confined to the theatre, but operates where one ſhould leaſt expect to meet it, in our faſhions. The fair part of the creation are ſhedding all covering of the head, diſplay their unveiled charming treſſes, and if I may ſay ſo, are daily *moulting* the reſt of their cloaths. What lovely fall of ſhoulders, what ivory necks, what

what ſnowy breaſts in all the pride of nature, are continually diveſted of art and ornament!

In gardening, the ſame love of nature prevails. Clipt hedges, avenues, regular platforms, ſtrait canals have been for ſome time very properly exploded. There is not a citizen who does not take more pains to torture his acre and half into irregularities, than he formerly would have employed to make it as formal as his cravat. Kent*, the friend of nature, was the Calvin of this reformation, but like the other champion of truth, after having routed tinſel and trumpery, with the true zeal of a founder of a ſect he puſhed his diſcipline to the deformity of holineſs: Not content with baniſhing ſymmetry and regularity, he imitated nature even in her blemiſhes, and planted † dead trees and mole-hills, in oppoſition to parterres and quincunxes.

The laſt branch of our faſhions into which the cloſe obſervation of nature has been intro-

* *Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love.* POPE.

† *In Kenſington Garden, and Carlton Garden.*

duced, is our deſſerts. A ſubject I have not room now to treat at large, but which yet demands a few words, and not improperly in this paper, as I ſee them a little in the light of a pantomime. Jellies, biſcuits, ſugar-plumbs and creams have long given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chineſe, and ſhepherdeſſes of Saxon china. But theſe, unconnected, and only ſeeming to wander among groves of curled paper and ſilk flowers, were ſoon diſcovered to be too inſipid and unmeaning. By degrees whole meadows of cattle, of the ſame brittle materials, ſpread themſelves over the whole table; cottages roſe in ſugar, and temples in barley-ſugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-ſhells triumphed over oceans of looking-glaſs, or * ſeas of ſilver tiſſue; and at length the whole ſyſtem of Ovid's metamorphoſis ſucceeded to all the transformations which ‡ Chloe and other

* *The French Embaſſador, the Duke de Mirepoix, gave a Deſſert in which was the ſtory of Perſeus and Andromeda; the ſea was ſilver tiſſue covered with barley-ſugar.*

‡ *A famous French Cook, who lived with the Duke of Newcaſtle.*

great

great professors had introduced into the science of hierogylyphic eating. Confectioners found their trade moulder away, while toymen and china shops were the only fashionable purveyors of the last stage of polite entertainments. Women of the first quality came home from Chevenix's laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their house-keeper.-------At last even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and if the present taste continues, Rysbrack and other neglected statuaries, who might have adorned Grecian salons, though not Grecian desserts, may come into vogue. It is known that a celebrated * confectioner (so the architects of our desserts still humbly call themselves) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the cieling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entreé: "*Imaginez vous*, said he, *que mi lord* "*n'a pas voulu faire oter le plafond..*"

I shall mention but two instances of glorious magnificence and taste in desserts, in which

* *Lord Albemarle's.*

foreigners

foreigners have ſurpaſſed any thing yet performed in this ſumptuous iſland. The former was a duke of Wirtemberg, who ſo long ago as the year thirty-four, gave a deſſert in which was a repreſentation of mount Ætna, which vomited out real fireworks over the heads of the company during the whole entertainment. The other was the Intendant of Gaſcony, who on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, among other magnificent feſtivities, treated the nobleſſe of the province with a dinner and a deſſert, the latter of which concluded with a repreſentation by wax-figures moving by clock-work, of the whole labour of the Dauphineſs and the happy birth of an Heir to the monarchy.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

JULIO.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. VIII. *Thurſday, February* 22, 1753.

Date obolum Beliſario.

A PHILOSOPHER, as I am, who contemplates the world with ſerious reflection, will be ſtruck with nothing in it more than its viciſſitudes. If he has lived any time, he muſt have had ample opportunities of exerciſing his meditation on the vanity of all ſublunary conditions. The change of empires, the fall of miniſters, the exaltation of obſcure perſons, are the continual incidents of human comedy. I remember that one of the firſt paſſages in hiſtory which made an impreſſion upon me in my youth, was the fate of Dionyſius, who from being monarch of Sicily, was reduced to teach

teach ſchool at Corinth. Though his tyranny was the cauſe of his ruin (if it can be called ruin to be deprived of the power of oppreſſion, and to be taught to know one's ſelf) I could not help feeling that ſort of ſuperſtitious pity which attends royalty in diſtreſs. Who ever peruſed the ſtories of Edward the Second, Richard the Second, or Charles the Firſt, but forgot their exceſſes, and ſighed for their cataſtrophe? In this free-ſpirited iſland there are not more hands ready to puniſh tyrants, than eyes to weep their fall. It is a common caſe: We are Romans in reſiſting oppreſſion, very women in lamenting oppreſſors!

If (and I think it cannot be conteſted) there is generoſity in theſe ſenſations, ought we not doubly to feel ſuch emotions, in caſes where regal virtue is become the ſport of fortune? This iſland ought to be as much the harbour of afflicted majeſty, as it has been the ſcourge of offending majeſty. And while every throne of arbitrary power is an aſylum for the martyrs of ſo bad a cauſe, Britain ought to ſhelter ſuch princes as have been victims for liberty----whenever

ever ſo great a curioſity is ſeen, as a prince contending on the honeſt ſide.

How muſt I bluſh then for my countrymen, when I mention a monarch! an unhappy monarch! now actually ſuffered to languiſh for debt in one of the common priſons of this city! A monarch, whoſe courage raiſed him to a throne, not by a ſucceſſion of ambitious bloody acts, but by the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon reſolution of determining to be free! This prince is THEODORE King of Corſica! A man, whoſe claim to royalty is as indiſputable, as the moſt ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his ſubjects: The only kind of title, allowed in the excellent *gothic* conſtitutions, from whence we derive our own; the ſame kind of title, which endears the preſent Royal Family to Engliſhmen; and the only kind of title, againſt which, perhaps, no objection can lie.

This prince (on whoſe hiſtory I ſhall not at preſent enlarge) after having bravely expoſed his life and crown in defence of the rights of his ſubjects, miſcarried, as Cato and other patriot heroes did before him. For many years he ſtruggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy, or ſolicitation of ſuccours could attempt to recover his crown. At laſt, when he had diſcharged his duty to his ſubjects and himſelf, he choſe this country for his retirement, not to indulge a voluptuous inglorious eaſe, but to enjoy the participation of thoſe bleſſings, which he had ſo vainly endeavoured to fix to his Corſicans. Here for ſome months he bore with more philoſophic dignity the loſs of his crown, than Charles the Fifth, Caſimir of Poland, or any of thoſe viſionaries, who wantonly reſigned theirs, to partake the ſluggiſh indolence, and at length the diſquiets of a cloyſter. THEODORE, though reſigned to his fortunes, had none of that contemptible apathy, which almoſt lifted our James the Second to the ſupreme honour of monkiſh ſainthood. It is recorded of that prince, that talking to his courtiers

at

at St. Germain, he wiſhed for a ſpeedy peace between France and Great Britain, "for then," ſaid he, "we ſhall get Engliſh horſes eaſily."

The veracity of a hiſtorian obliges me not to diſguiſe the bad ſituation of his Corſican majeſty's revenue, which has reduced him to be a priſoner for debt in the King's Bench; And ſo cruelly has fortune exerciſed her rigours upon him, that laſt ſeſſion of parliament he was examined before a committee of the houſe of commons, on the hardſhips to which the priſoners in that goal had been ſubject. Yet let not ill-nature make ſport with theſe misfortunes! His majeſty had nothing to bluſh at, nothing to palliate, in the recapitulation of his diſtreſſes. The debts on his civil liſt were owe-ing to no miſapplication, no improvidence of his own, no corruption of his miniſters, no indulgence to favorites or miſtreſſes. His diet was philoſophic, his palace humble, his robes decent: Yet his butcher, his landlady, and his taylor, could not continue to ſupply an eſtabliſhment, which had no demeſnes to ſup-port it, no taxes to maintain it, no exciſes,

no lotteries to provide funds for its deficiencies and emergencies.

A Nation ſo generous, ſo renowned for the efforts it has always made in the common cauſe of liberty, can only want to be reminded of this diſtreſſed king, to grant him it's protection and compaſſion. If political reaſons forbid the open eſpouſal of his cauſe, pity commands the aſſiſtance which private fortunes can lend him. I do not mean at preſent that our gallant youth ſhould offer themſelves as volunteers in his ſervice, nor do I expect to have a ſmall fleet fitted out at the expence of particular perſons to convey him and his hopes to Corſica. The intention of this paper is merely to warm the benevolence of my countrymen in behalf of this royal captive. I cannot think it would be beneath the dignity of majeſty to accept ſuch a ſupply as might be offered to him by that honorary (and to this country peculiar) method of raiſing a free gift, a benefit play. The method is worthy of the Grecian age, nor would Aſiatic monarchs have bluſhed to receive a tribute from the united efforts of genius and art. Let it be ſaid, that the

the ſame humane and polite age raiſed a monument to Shakeſpear, a fortune for Milton's * grand-daughter, and a ſubſidy for a captive king, by dramatic performances! I have no doubt but the munificent managers of our theatres will gladly contribute their parts. The incomparable actor who ſo exquiſitely touches the paſſions and diſtreſſes of ſelf-dethroned Lear, (a play which from ſome ſimilitude of circumſtances I ſhould recommend for the benefit) will I dare to ſay, willingly exert his irreſiſtible talents in behalf of fallen majeſty, and be a competitor with Louis le grand for the fame which reſults from the protection of exiled kings. How glorious will it be for him to have the King's Bench as renowned for Garrick's generoſity to king THEODORE, as the Savoy is for Edward the Third's treatment of king John of France.

In the mean time, not to confine this opportunity of benevolence to ſo narrow a ſphere as

* *Comus was acted at Drury-lane, April* 5, 1750, *for the benefit of Mrs. Foſter, Milton's only ſurviving deſcendent.*

the

the theatre, I muſt acquaint my readers, that a ſubſcription for a ſubſidy for the uſe of his Corſican majeſty is opened at Tully's head in Pall-Mall, where all the Generous and the Fair are deſired to pay their contributions to Robert Dodſley, who is appointed high-treaſurer and grand-librarian of the iſland of Corſica for life-------poſts, which, give me leave to ſay, Mr. Dodſley would have diſdained to accept under any monarch of arbitrary principles:

A bookſeller of Rome, while Rome ſurviv'd,
Would not have been lord-treaſ'rer to a king.

I am under ſome apprehenſions that the intended ſubſcription will not be ſo univerſal as for the honour of my country I wiſh it. I foreſee that the partizans of indefeaſible hereditary right will withhold their contributions. The number of them is indeed ſmall and inconſiderable; yet as it becomes my character, as a citizen of the world, to neglect nothing for the amendment of the principles and morals of my fellow-creatures, I ſhall recommend one ſhort argument to their conſideration; I think I may ſay,

to

to their conviction. Let them but conſider, that though THEODORE had ſuch a Flaw (in their eſtimation) in his title, as to have been elected by the whole body of the people, who had thrown off the yoke of their old tyrants; yet as the Genoeſe had been the ſovereigns of Corſica, theſe gentlemen of monarchic principles will be obliged, if they condemn king THEODORE's cauſe, to allow divine hereditary right in a republic; a problem in politics which I leave to be ſolved by the diſciples of the exploded * Sir Robert Filmer. At the ſame time declaring by my cenſorial authority all perſons Jacobites, who neglect to bring in their free gift for the uſe of his majeſty of Corſica: And I particularly charge and command all lovers of the glorious and immortal memory of king William, to ſee my orders duly executed; and I recommend to them to ſet an example of liberality in behalf of the popular monarch, whoſe cauſe I have eſpouſed, and whoſe deliverance, I hope, I have not attempted in vain.

* *Author of the Patriarchal ſcheme, refuted by Mr. Locke.*

N. B. Two

N. B. Two pieces of king THEODORE's coin*, ſtruck during his reign, are in the hands of the high-treaſurer aforeſaid, and will be ſhewn by the proper officer of the exchequer of Corſica, during the time the ſubſcription continues open at Tully's head abovementioned. They are very great curioſities, and not to be met with in the moſt celebrated collections of this kingdom.

* *Theſe Coins are rudely executed on copper. The legend round the reverſe ſeems to have been,* RE PER IL BONO PUBLICO. *The other piece is the half of this.*

As a SUPPLEMENT *to the foregoing Paper, the following particulars will not be improper.*

THEODORE ANTONY BARON NEWHOFF, more remarkable for being the only one of his profeſſion [of Adventurers] who ever obtained a Crown, than for acquiring that of Corſica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, ſcrapes, and eſcapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and loſt a Throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where He had been before about the year 1737. I ſaw him ſoon after his laſt arrival: He was a comely middle-ſized Man, very reſerved and affecting much dignity, which He acted in the loweſt ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the loweſt ſhifts of his induſtry: An inſtance of the former appeared during his laſt reſidence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, ſome Engliſh Gentlemen made a collection for and carried to Him. Being apprized of their coming,

and having only one chamber in a little miſerable lodging, He ſqueezed his bed to one ſide, and placed a chair under the Canopy, where He ſat to receive the Charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, He for ſome time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Counteſs of Yarmouth, and others, and after being arreſted, ſome Merchants in the City promoted a Subſcription for him; but He played ſo many tricks and counterfeited ſo many bonds and debts that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when the preceding paper was publiſhed for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raiſed by it and ſent to his priſon: He pretended to be much diſappointed at not receiving more: His debts, he ſaid, amounted to £.1500. He ſent in a few days to Mr. Dodſley, the Publiſher of *The World*, to deſire the Subſcription might be opened again, which being denied, He ſent a lawyer to Mr. Dodſley to threaten to proſecute him for the paper, which He pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented ſeveral contributions---------

Precibuſque minas Regaliter addit. OVID.

In

In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened: THEODORE, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiser:

" *An Address to the* Nobility *and* Gentry *of*
" Great-Britain, *in the behalf of* THEO-
" DORE BARON DE NEWHOFF;

" THE Baron through a long imprison-
" ment being reduced to very great ex-
" tremities, his case is earnestly recommended
" for a contribution to be raised, to enable Him
" to return to his own Country, having obtain-
" ed his liberty by the late Act of Parliament.
" In the late war in Italy the Baron gave mani-
" fest proofs of his affection for England, and
" as the motives of his coming here are so well
" known, it is hoped all true friends to Free-
" dom will be excited to assist a Brave though
" unfortunate Man, who wishes to have an
" opportunity of testifying his Gratitude to the
" British Nation.

" Those who are pleased to contribute on
" this occasion, are desired to deposite their

 " benefactions

" benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles " Aſgyll, Alderman, and company, bankers in " Lombard-ſtreet, or with Meſſrs. Campbell " and Coutts, bankers in the Strand."

THEODORE however remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portugueſe Miniſter's in Audley-ſtreet, but not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed on the chair-men to carry him to a Taylor's in Chapel-ſtreet, Soho, who having formerly known him and pitying his diſtreſs, harboured him in his houſe. THEODORE fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the Church-yard of St. Anne in that pariſh.

A ſtrong peculiarity of Circumſtances attended him to the laſt: His manner of obtaining his Liberty was not ſo extraordinary as what attended *it*. Going to Guildhall to demand the benefit of the Act, He was aſked, " What Effects He " had!" He anſwered, " Nothing but the " Kingdom of Corſica." It was accordingly Regiſtered for the benefit of his Creditors.

So

So ſingular a Deſtiny was thought worthy of a Memorial, that might point out the chief adventures and even the place of Interment of this remarkable Perſonage. The Author of this Memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a Crown, taken from one of his Coins, and with this inſcription:

Near this PLACE is Interred

Theodore King of Corſica,

Who died in this PARISH, December 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench-Priſon
By the Benefit of the Act of Inſolvency;
In Conſequence of which HE Regiſtered

His Kingdom of Corſica

For the USE of His CREDITORS.

The GRAVE, great Teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and Beggars, Galley-Slaves and Kings.
But THEODORE this Moral learn'd, e'er dead;
FATE pour'd it's Leſſons on his *living* Head,
Beſtow'd a KINGDOM, and denied him BREAD.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. X. *Thurſday, March* 8, 1753.

THE great men, who introduced the Reformation into theſe kingdoms, were ſo ſenſible of the neceſſity of maintaining devotion in the minds of the vulgar by ſome external objects, by ſomewhat of ceremony and form, that they refrained from entirely ripping off all ornament from the drapery of religion. When they were purging the calendar of legions of viſionary ſaints, they took due care to defend the niches of real martyrs from profanation. They preſerved the holy feſtivals, which had been conſecrated for many ages to the great luminaries of the church, and at once paid obſervance to the memory of the good, and fell in with the popular humour, which loves to rejoice,

joice and mourn at the diſcretion of the almanack.

The Fanatics in the reign of Charles the Firſt loudly condemned the retention of this practice, and were ſuch ſucceſsful preachers, as to procure obedience to the doctrines they taught; that is, they infuſed greater bigotry into their Congregations againſt rules, than the warmeſt enthuſiaſts of former times had been able to propagate for the obſervation of times and ſeaſons. But as moſt contradictions run into extremes, it muſt be allowed that the Preſbyterians ſoon grew as ſuperſtitious as the moſt high-flown zealots of the eſtabliſhed Church. King James the Firſt had endeavoured to turn Sunday into a weekly wake by the book of Sports: The Preſbyterians uſed it often for a Faſt-day*. In the court of king Charles, Chriſtmas was a ſeaſon of maſques and revels: Under the Covenant it was ſtill a maſquerading time; for devotion may be as much diſguiſed by hypocritic ſorrow

* *One of Dr. Calamy's Faſt-ſermons was preached on Chriſtmas-day, 1644, before the Houſe of Lords.*

and

and ſackcloth, as by painted vizors and harlequin jackets.

In ſo enlightened an age as the preſent, I ſhall perhaps be ridiculed if I hint, as my opinion, that the obſervation of certain feſtivals is ſomething more than a mere political inſtitution. I cannot however help thinking that even nature itſelf concurs to confirm my ſentiment. Philoſophers and freethinkers tell us that a general ſyſtem was laid down at firſt, and that no deviations have been made to accommodate it to any ſubſequent events, or to favour and authorize any human inſtitutions. When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great diſguſt of many worthy perſons who urged how great the harmony was in the old eſtabliſhment between the holidays and their attributes (if I may call them ſo), and what a confuſion would follow if Michaelmas-day, for inſtance, was not to be celebrated, when ſtubble geeſe are in their higheſt prefection; it was replied, that ſuch a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be loſt of itſelf, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: For if the errors in it were ſuffered to go on, they would

would in a certain number of years produce ſuch a variation, that we ſhould be mourning for good king Charles on a falſe thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our anceſtors uſed to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich park in honour of Whitſuntide; and at length be chooſing king and queen for Twelfth-night, when we ought to be admiring the London prentice at Bartholemew fair.

Cogent as theſe reaſons may ſeem, yet I think I can confute them from the teſtimony of a ſtanding miracle, which not having ſubmitted to the fallible authority of an act of parliament, may well be ſaid to put a ſupernatural negative on the wiſdom of this world. My readers no doubt are already aware that I have in my eye the wonderful thorn of Glaſtonbury*, which though hitherto regarded as a trunk of popiſh impoſture, has notably exerted itſelf as the moſt proteſtant plant in the univerſe.

* *A very ſenſible Sermon was publiſhed on this occaſion, without a name; it having been pretended that the Glaſtonbury-thorn blew on the old Chriſtmas. Several advertiſements were printed pro and con.*

It is well known that the correction of the calendar was enacted by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and that the reformed churches have with a proper ſpirit of oppoſition adhered to the old calculation of the emperor Julius Cæſar, who was by no means a papiſt. * Near two years ago the popiſh calendar was brought in; (I hope by perſons well-affected!) certain it is that the Glaſtonbury thorn has preſerved its † *inflexibility*, and obſerved it's old anniverſary. Many thouſand ſpectators viſited it on the parliamentary Chriſtmas-day------Not a bud was to be ſeen!-------On the true nativity it was covered with bloſſoms. One muſt be an infidel indeed to ſpurn at ſuch authority. Had I been conſulted (and mathematical ſtudies have not been the moſt inconſiderable of my ſpeculations), inſtead of turning the calendar topſy-turvy by

* *This bill was brought in by Lord Cheſterfield and Lord Macclesfield, the latter of whom publiſhed his Speech on that occaſion.*

† *This alludes to a Candidate for Weſtminſter, who advertiſed this year, That he would perſiſt* inflexibly *in the part he had taken, but in two days gave up the election.*

fantaſtic

fantaſtic calculations, I ſhould have propoſed to regulate the year by the infallible Somerſetſhire thorn, and to have reckoned the months from Chriſtmas-day, which ſhould always have been kept as the Glaſtonbury thorn ſhould blow.

Many inconveniencies, to be ſure, would follow from this ſyſtem, but as holy things ought to be the firſt conſideration of a religious nation, the inconveniencies ſhould be overlooked. The thorn can never blow but on the true Chriſtmas-day; and conſequently the apprehenſion of the year's becoming inverted by ſticking to the Julian account can never hold. If the courſe of the ſun varies, aſtronomers may find out ſome way to adjuſt that: But it is prepoſterous, not to ſay preſumptuous, to be celebrating Chriſtmas-day, when the Glaſtonbury thorn, which certainly muſt know times and ſeaſons better than an almanack-maker, declares it to be hereſy.

Nor is Chriſtmas-day the only jubilee which will be morally diſturbed by this innovation. There is another anniverſary of no leſs celebrity among Engliſhmen, equally marked by a mar-

vellous concomitance of circumſtances, and which I venture to prognoſticate will not attend the erroneous calculation of the preſent ſyſtem. The day I mean is the firſt of April. The oldeſt tradition affirms that ſuch an infatuation attends the firſt day of that month, as no foreſight can eſcape, no vigilance can defeat. Deceit is ſucceſsful on that day out of the mouths of babes and ſucklings. Grave citizens have been bit upon it; uſurers have lent their money on bad ſecurity; experienced matrons have married very diſappointing young fellows; mathematicians have miſſed the longitude; alchymiſts the philoſopher's ſtone; and politicians preferment, on that day.

What confuſion will not follow, if the great body of the nation are diſappointed of their peculiar holiday! This country was formerly diſturbed with very fatal quarrels about the celebration of Eaſter; and no wiſe man will tell me that it is not as reaſonable to fall out for the obſervance of April-fool-day. Can any benefits ariſing from a regulated calendar make amends for an occaſion of new ſects? How many warm men

men may reſent an attempt to play them off on a falſe firſt of April, who would have ſubmitted to the cuſtom of being made fools on the old computation? If our clergy come to be divided about Folly's anniverſary, we may well expect all the miſchiefs attendant on religious wars; and we ſhall have reaſon to wiſh that the Glaſtonbury thorn would declare as remarkably in favour of the true April-fool-day, as it has in behalf of the genuine Chriſtmas.

Prudentius *, was ſo great a zealot for the obſervation of certain feſtivals, as to believe that the very damned have a holiday or remiſſion from their torments on the anniverſary of the Reſurrection. I will not ſay that we ought to follow *their* reckoning, nor ſhall I defend the orthodoxy of the tenet. I only mention it to ſhow how many intereſts may be affected by this regulation, and how impoſſible it is to make adequate proviſions againſt all the unforeſeen miſchiefs that may enſue from diſturbing the eſtabliſhed computation.

* *A Chriſtian poet.*

There

There are many other inconveniencies, which I might lament very emphatically, but none of weight enough to be compared with thoſe I have mentioned. I ſhall only hint at a whole ſyſtem overturned by this revolution in the calendar, and no proviſion, that I have heard of, made by the legiſlature to remedy it. Yet in a nation which beſtows ſuch ample rewards on new-year and birth-day odes, it is aſtoniſhing that the late act of parliament ſhould have overlooked that uſeful branch of our poetry, which conſiſts in couplets, ſaws, and proverbs, peculiar to certain days and ſeaſons. Why was not a new ſet of diſtichs provided by the late reformers? Or at leaſt a clauſe inſerted in the act, enjoining the poet-laureat or ſome beneficed genius to prepare and new-caſt the eſtabliſhed rhimes for public uſe? Were our aſtronomers ſo ignorant as to think that the old proverbs would ſerve for their new-fangled calendar? Could they imagine that * St. Swithin would accommodate her rainy planet to the conveni-

* *There is a vulgar notion that if it rains on St. Swithin's-day,* O. S. *it will rain for forty ſubſequent days.*

ence

ence of their calculations? Who that hears the following verſes, but muſt grieve for the ſhepherd and huſbandman, who may have all their prognoſtics confounded, and be at a loſs to know beforehand the fate of their markets? Ancient ſages ſung

" If St. Paul be fair and clear,
" Then will betide a happy year,
" But if it either ſnow or rain,
" Then will be dear all kind of grain:
" And if the wind doth blow aloft,
" Then wars will vex the realm full oft."

I have declared againſt meddling with politics, and therefore ſhall ſay nothing of the important hints contained in the laſt lines: Yet if * certain ill-boding appearances abroad ſhould have an ugly end, I cannot help ſaying that I ſhall aſcribe their evil tendency to our having been lulled aſleep by reſting our faith on the calm weather on the pretended converſion of St. Paul; whereas it was very bluſtering on that feſtival, according to the good old account, as I honeſtly, though vainly, endeavoured to

* *Alludes to the ſtoppage of the payment on the Sileſian Loan.*

convince

convince a great miniſter of ſtate, whom I do not think proper to mention.

But to return to April-fool-day: I muſt entreat my readers and admirers to be very particular in their obſervations on that holiday, both according to the new and old reckoning. And I beg that they will tranſmit to me or my ſecretary Mr. Dodſley, a faithful and atteſted account of the hap that betides them or their acquaintance on each of thoſe days; how often and in what manner they make or are made fools; how they miſcarry in attempts to ſurprize, or baffle any ſnares laid for them. I do not doubt but it will be found that the ballance of folly lies greatly on the ſide of the old firſt of April; nay, I much queſtion whether infatuation will have any force on what I call the falſe April-fool-day. I ſhould take it very kind, if any of my friends who may happen to be ſharpers, would try their ſucceſs on the fictitious feſtival; and if they make fewer dupes than ordinary, I flatter myſelf that they will unite their endeavours with mine in decrying and exploding a reformation, which only tends to diſcountenance good old practices and venerable ſuperſtitions.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XIV. *Thurſday, April* 5, 1753.

I Do not doubt but it is already obſerved that I write fewer letters to myſelf than any of my predeceſſors. It is not from being leſs acquainted with my own merit, but I really look upon myſelf as ſuperior to ſuch little arts of fame. Compliments, which I ſhould be obliged to ſhroud under the name of a third perſon, have very little reliſh for me. If I am not conſiderable enough to pronounce *ex cathedrâ* that I Adam Fitz-Adam know how to rally the follies and decide upon the cuſtoms of the world with more wit, humour, learning and taſte than any man living, I have in vain undertaken the ſcheme of this paper. Who would be regulated by the judgment of a man who is not

the moſt ſelf-ſufficient perſon alive? Why did all the pretty women in England, in the reign of queen Anne, ſubmit the government of their fans, hoods, hoops and patches to the Spectator, but becauſe he pronounced himſelf the beſt critic in faſhions? Why did half the nation imbibe their politics from the Craftſman, but becauſe Caleb d'Anvers aſſured them that he underſtood the maxims of government and the conſtitution of his country better than any miniſter or patriot of the time? Throned as I am in a perfect good opinion of my own abilities, I ſcorn to taſte the ſatisfaction of praiſe from my own pen------and (to be humble for once) I own, if there is any ſpecies of writing of which I am not perfect maſter, it is the epiſtolary. My deficience in this particular is happily common to me with the greateſt men: I can even go farther, and declare that it is the Fair part of the creation which excells in that province. Eaſe without affectation, the politeſt expreſſion, the happieſt art of telling news or trifles, the moſt engaging turns of ſentiment or paſſion, are frequently found in letters from women, who have lived in a ſphere at all above

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the vulgar; while on the other ſide, orators write affectedly, miniſters obſcurely, poets floridly, learned men pedantically, and ſoldiers tolerably, when they can ſpell. One would not have one's daughter write like Eloiſa, becauſe one would not have one's daughter feel what ſhe felt; yet who ever wrote ſo movingly, ſo to the heart? The amiable madame de Sevignè is the ſtandard of eaſy engaging writing: To call her the pattern of eloquent writing will not be thought an exaggeration, when I refer my readers to her accounts of the death of marſhal Turenne: Some little fragments of her letters, in the appendix to Ramſay's life of that hero, give a ſtronger picture of him than the hiſtorian was able to do in his voluminous work. If this Fair One's epiſtles are liable to any cenſure, it is for a fault in which ſhe is not likely to be often imitated, the exceſs of tenderneſs for her daughter.

The Italians are as proud of a perſon of the ſame ſex: * Lucretia Gonzaga was ſo celebrated

* *See her article in the general Dictionary.*

for the eloquence of her letters and the purity of their ſtyle, that her very notes to her ſervants were collected and publiſhed. I have never read the collection: One or two billets that I have met with, have not entirely all the delicacy of madame de Sevignè. In one to her footman the ſignora Gonzaga reprehends him for not readily obeying dame Lucy her houſekeeper; and in another addreſſed to the ſame Mrs. Lucy, ſhe ſays, "If Livia will not "be obedient, turn up her coats and whip her "till her fleſh be black and blew, and the blood "run down to her heels." To be ſure this ſounds a little oddly to Engliſh ears, but may be very elegant, when modulated by the harmony of Italian liquids.

Several worthy perſons have laid down rules for the compoſition of letters, but I fear it is an art which only nature can teach. I remember in one of thoſe books (it was written by a German) there was a ſtrict injunction not to mention yourſelf before you had introduced the perſon of your correſpondent; that is, you muſt never uſe the monoſyllable *I* before the pronoun *You*. The Italians have ſtated expreſ-

ſions

ſions to be uſed to different ranks of men, and know exactly when to ſubſcribe themſelves the devoted or the moſt devoted ſlave of the illuſtrious or moſt eminent perſon to whom they have the honour to write. It is true, in that country they have ſo clogged correſpondence with forms and civilities, that they ſeldom make uſe of their own language, but generally write to one another in French.

Among many inſtances of beautiful letters from ladies, and of the contrary from our ſex, I ſhall ſelect two, which are very ſingular in their kind. The compariſon, to be ſure, is not entirely fair; but when I mention ſome particulars of the male author, one might expect a little more elegance, a little better orthography, a little more decorum, and a good deal leſs abſurdity, than ſeem to have met in one head, which had ſeen ſo much of the world, which pretended ſo much to litterature, and which had worn ſo long one of the firſt crowns in Europe. This perſonage was the emperor Maximilian, grandfather of Charles the Fifth. His reign was long, ſometimes ſhining, often unproſperous,

unproſperous, very often ignominious. His fickleneſs, prodigality and indigence were notorious. The Italians called him *Pochi-danari*, or the *pennyleſs*; a quality not more habitual to him than his propenſity to repair his ſhattered fortunes by the moſt unbecoming means. He ſerved under our Henry the Eighth, as a common ſoldier, at the ſiege of Terouenne for a hundred crowns a day: He was bribed to the attempt againſt Piſa, and bribed to give it over. In ſhort, no potentate ever undertook to engage him in a treaty, without firſt offering him money. Yet this vagabond monarch, as if the annals of his reign were too glorious to be deſcribed by a plebeian pen, or as if they were worthy to be deſcribed at all, took the pains to write his own life in Dutch verſe. There was another book of his compoſition in a different way, which does not reflect much more luſtre upon his memory than his own Dutch epic; this was what he called his *livre rouge*, and was a regiſter of ſeventeen mortifications which he had received from Louis the Twelfth of France, and which he intended to revenge on the firſt opportunity. After a variety of ſhifts, breach

of

of promiſes, alliances, and treaties, he almoſt duped his vain cotemporary Henry the Eighth, with a propoſal of reſigning the empire to him, while himſelf was meditating, what he thought, an acceſſion of dignity even to the imperial diadem: In ſhort, in the latter part of his life Maximilian took it into his head to canvas for the papal Tiara. Several methods were agitated to compaſs this object of his ambition: One, and not the leaſt ridiculous, was to pretend that the patriarchal dignity was included in the imperial; and by virtue of that definition he really aſſumed the title of Pontifex Maximus, copying the pagan lords of Rome on his way to the ſovereignty of the chriſtian church. Money he knew was the ſureſt method, but the leaſt at his command: It was to procure a ſupply of that neceſſary ingredient that he wrote the following letter to his daughter Margaret*, ducheſs dowager

* *This Princeſs had been eſpouſed in her non-age to Charles the Eighth, but before conſummation was ſent back to her father. She was next contracted to the Prince of Spain, but being in a great ſtorm at ſea in her paſſage to her bridegroom, She, according to the cuſtom of that age, tied her cheif jewels*

dowager of Savoy, and governeſs of the Netherlands.

" TRes chiere & tres amèe fylle, jè entendu
" l'avis que vous m'avez donnè par Guyl-
" lain Pingun notre garderobes, dont avons en-
" core mieux pensè. Et ne trouvons point pour
" nulle reſun bon que nous nous devons fran-
" chement marier, maes avons plus avant mys
" notre deliberation & volontè de jamês plus
" hanter faem nue. Et envoyons demain Monſr.
" de Gurce Eveſque à Rome devers le pape pour
" trouver fachon que nous puyſſuns accorder
" avec ly de nous prendre pour ung coadjuteur,
" affin que apres ſa mort pouruns eſtre aſſurè de
" avoer le papat, & devenir preſter, & apres
" eſtre ſaint, & que yl vous ſera de neceſſitè que

jewels to her arm, that her body, if found, might be known; and with great tranquillity compoſed and faſtened with them the following diſtich:

" *Cy giſt Margole, noble Demoiſelle,*
" *Deux fois marieé, & morte Pucelle.*"

However, She eſcaped, and lived to have two real huſbands, the Prince above-mentioned, and the Duke of Savoy.

" apres

" apres ma mort vous ſerès contraint de me
" adorer, dont je me troverè bien glorioes. Je
" envoye ſur ce ung poſte devers le roy d'Arogon
" pour ly prier qu'y nous voulle ayder pour à ce
" parvenir, dont il eſt auſſy content, moynant
" que je reſigne l'empir à noſtre comun fyls
" Charles, de ſela auſſy je me ſuys contentè.
" Je commance auſſy practiker les Cardinaulx,
" dont ii C. ou iii C. mylle ducats me ferunt
" ung grand ſervice, aveque la partialitè qui eſt
" deja entre eos. Le roy d'Arogon à mandè à
" ſon ambaxadeur que yl veulent favouryſer le
" papat à nous. Je vous prie, tenès cette ma-
" tere empu ſecret, oſſi bien en brieff jours je
" creins que yl faut que tout le monde le ſache,
" car bien mal eſti poſſible de pratiker ung tel
" ſy grand matere ſecretement, pour laquell yl
" faut avoer de tant de gens & de argent, ſuc-
" curs & pratike, & a Diù, faet de la main de
" votre bon pere Maximilianus futur pape, le
" XVIII jour de ſetembre. Le papa a encor
" les vyevers dubls, & ne peult longement
" fyvre."

This curious piece, which it is impoſſible to tranſlate (for what language can give an adequate

idea of very bad old German French?), is to be found in the fourth volume of letters of Louis the Twelfth, printed at Bruſſels by Fr. Foppens in 1712. It will be ſufficient to inform ſuch of my readers as do not underſtand French, that his imperial majeſty acquaints his beloved daughter that he deſigns never to frequent naked women any more, but to uſe all his endeavours to procure the papacy, and then to turn prieſt, and at length become a ſaint, that his dear daughter may be obliged to pray to him, which he ſhall reckon matter of exceeding glory. He expreſſes great want of two or three hundred thouſand ducats to facilitate the buſineſs, which he deſires may be kept very ſecret, though he does not doubt but all the world will know it in two or three days; and concludes with ſigning himſelf *future Pope.*

As a contraſt to this ſcrap of imperial folly, I ſhall preſent my readers with the other letter I mentioned. It was written by the lady Anne, widow of the earls of Dorſet and Pembroke (the life of the former of whom ſhe wrote), and heireſs of the great houſe of Clifford-Cumberland, from which, among many noble reverſions,

reverſions, ſhe enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir Joſeph Williamſon, ſecretary of ſtate to Charles the Second, wrote to name a candidate to her for that borough: The brave Counteſs, with all the ſpirit of her anceſtors, and with all the eloquence of independent Greece, returned this laconic anſwer.

"I Have been bullied by an Uſurper, I have
"been neglected by a Court, but I will not
"be dictated to by a Subject; your man ſha'n't
"ſtand.

ANNE DORSET,
PEMBROKE, *and* MONTGOMERY."

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. XXVIII. *Thurſday, July* 12, 1753.

---------Pauci dignoſcere poſſunt
Vera bona, atque illis multùm diverſa.---- JUV.

IT is a common obſervation, that though happineſs is every man's aim, and though it is generally purſued by a gratification of the predominant paſſion, yet few have acuteneſs enough to diſcover the points which would effectually procure the long-ſought end. One cannot but wonder that ſuch intenſe application as moſt of us beſtow on the cultivation of our favorite deſires, ſhould yet leave us ignorant of the moſt eſſential objects of our ſtudy. For my part, I was ſo early convinced of the truth of what I have aſſerted, that inſtead of ſearching for

for what would contribute moſt to my own happineſs, I have ſpent great part of my life in the ſtudy of what may extend the enjoyment of others. That knowledge I flatter myſelf I have diſcovered, and ſhall now diſcloſe to the world. I beg to be attended to: I beg mankind will believe that I know better than any of them what will aſcertain the felicity of their lives. I am not going to impart ſo great (though ſo often revealed) a ſecret, as that it is religion or virtue: Few would believe me; fewer would try the recipe. In ſpite of the philoſophy of the age, in ſpite of the gravity of my character, and of the decency which I hope I have hitherto moſt ſanctimoniouſly obſerved, I muſt avow my perſuaſion, that the ſenſual pleaſure of LOVE is the great cordial of life, and the only ſpecific for removing the anxieties of our own paſſions, or for ſupporting the injuries and iniquities which we ſuffer from thoſe of other men.

"Well! (ſhall I be told) and is this your "admirable diſcovery? Is this the ARCANUM "that has eſcaped the penetration of all inqui-"rers in all ages? What other doctrine has

"been

" been taught by the moſt ſenſible philoſophers?
" Was not this the text of the ſermons of EPI-
" CURUS? Was not this the theory, and prac-
" tice too, of the experienced ALCIBIADES?
" What other were the tenets of the ſage lord
" ROCHESTER, or of the miſſionary *Saint-*
" EVREMONT?"----- It is very true; and a thouſand other founders of ſects, nay of religious orders, have taught------or at leaſt practiſed, the ſame doctrines. But I pretend to introduce ſuch refinements into the ſyſtem of ſenſuality, as ſhall vindicate the diſcovery to myſelf, and throw at a diſtance the minute philoſophers, who (if they were my forerunners) only ſerved to lead the world aſtray.

Hear then in one word the myſterious precept! " *Young* women are *not* the proper ob-
" ject of ſenſual love: It is the MATRON, the
" HOARY FAIR who can give, communicate,
" inſure happineſs." I might enumerate a thouſand reaſons to inforce my doctrine, as the fickleneſs of youth, the caprices of beauty and it's tranſient ſtate, the jealouſy from rivals, the diſtraction from having children, the important

avocations

avocations of dreſs, and the infinite occupations of a pretty woman, which endanger or divide her ſentiments from being always fixed on the faithful lover; and none of which combat the affections of the grateful, tender, attentive MATRON. But as one example is worth a thouſand reaſons, I ſhall recommend my plan by pointing out the extreme happineſs which has attended ſuch diſcreet heroes as are commemorated in the annals of love for having offered up their hearts at ancient ſhrines; and I ſhall clearly demonſtrate by precedents, that ſeveral ladies *in the bloom of their wrinkles* have inſpired more laſting and more fervent paſſions, than the greateſt beauties who had ſcarce loſt ſight of their teens. The fair young creatures of the preſent hour will forgive a preference which is the reſult of deep meditation, great reading, and ſtrict impartiality, when they reflect, that they can ſcarce contrive to be young above a dozen years, and may be old for fifty or ſixty; and they may believe me, that after forty they will value one lover more, than they do twenty now; a ſenſation of happineſs, which they will find increaſe as they advance

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in years. I cannot but obſerve with pleaſure that * the legiſlature itſelf ſeems to coincide with my way of thinking, and has very prudently enacted that young ladies ſhall not enter ſo early into the bonds of love, when they are incapable of reflection, and of all the ſerious duties which belong to an union of hearts. A ſentiment, which indeed our laws ſeem always to have had in view; for unleſs there was implanted in our natures a ſtrong temptation towards the love of ELDERLY women, why ſhould the very firſt prohibition in the table of conſanguinity forbid a man to marry his GRANDMOTHER?

The firſt heroine we read of, whoſe charms were proof againſt the injuries of time, was the accompliſhed SARAH: I think the moſt moderate computations make her to be ninety when that wanton monarch ABIMELECH would have undermined her virtue. But as doubtleſs the obſervance of that virtue had been the great

* *This alludes to the marriage-act paſſed at the concluſion of the preceding ſeſſion.*

foundation

foundation of the continuance of her beauty, and as the rigidneſs of it rather exempts her from, than expoſes her as an object of my doctrine, I ſhall ſay no more of that lady: Eſpecially, as her being obliged to wear a ſack to hide a big-belly at a very unſeaſonable age, claſhes with one of my ſtanding arguments for the love of ELDERLY WOMEN.

HELEN, the beautiful HELEN, if there is any truſting to claſſic pariſh-regiſters, was fourſcore when PARIS ſtole her; and though the war laſted ten years after that on her account, monſieur HOMER, who wrote their romance, does not give any hint of the gallant young prince having ſhewed the leaſt decay of paſſion or ſymptom of inconſtancy: A fidelity, which in all probability was at leaſt as much owing to the experience of the dame, and to her knowledge in the refinements of pleaſure, as to her bright eyes, unfaded complexion, or the everlaſting lillies and roſes of her cheeks.

I am not clear that length of years, eſpecially in heroic minds, does not increaſe rather than abate the ſentimental flame. The great

ELIZABETH, whoſe paſſion for the unfortunate earl of ESSEX is juſtly a favorite topic with all who delight in romantic hiſtory, was full ſixty-eight when ſhe condemned her lover to death for ſlighting her endearments. And, if I might inſtance in our own ſex, the charming, the meritorious ANTONY was not far from ſeventy before he had ſo much taſte as to ſacrifice the meaner paſſion of ambition, nay the world itſelf, to love.

BUT it is in France, that kingdom ſo exquiſitely judicious in the affairs of love, from whence we may copy the arts of happineſs, as well as their other diſcoveries in pleaſure. The monarchs of that nation have more than once taught the world by their example, that a fine woman, though paſt her grand climacteric, may be but juſt touching the meridian of her charms. HENRY the Second, and LOUIS the Fourteenth will be for ever memorable for the paſſions they ſo long felt for the ducheſs of VALENTINOIS, and madame de MAINTENON. The former, in the heat of youth and proſpect of empire, became a ſlave to the reſpectable attractions of DIANA DE POITIERS,

many

many years after his * injudicious father had quitted the poſſeſſion of her on the ſilly apprehenſion that ſhe was growing old: And to the laſt moment of his life and reign, HENRY was a conſtant, jealous adorer of her ſtill ripening charms. When the age was over-run with aſtrology, ſuperſtition, bigotry and notions of necromancy, king HENRY ſtill idolized a woman, who had not only married her † grand-daughter, then a celebrated beauty, but who, if any other prince had reigned, was ancient enough to have come within the deſcription of ſorcery: So little do the vulgar diſtinguiſh between the ideas of an old witch and a fine woman. The paſſion of the other monarch was no leſs remarkable. That hero, who had gained ſo many battles by proxy, had preſided in perſon at ſo many tournaments, had raiſed ſuch water-works, and ſhed ſuch ſtreams of

* *Francis the Firſt: It is ſaid that the Father of Diana de Poitiers being condemned to death, his daughter obtained not only his pardon, but the affection, of that prince. However, he quitted her for the Ducheſſe d' Eſtampes.*

† *Madamoiſelle de la Mark.*

heretic blood, and, which was ſtill more glorious, had enjoyed ſo many of the fineſt women in Europe, was at laſt captivated by an old governante, and ſighed away whole years at the feet of his venerable miſtreſs as ſhe worked at her tent with ſpectacles. If LOUIS LE GRAND was not a judge of pleaſure, who can pretend to be? If he was, in favour of what age did he give the golden apple?

I ſhall cloſe my catalogue of ancient miſtreſſes with the renowned NINON L'ENCLOS, a lady whoſe life alone is ſufficient to inculcate my doctrine in its utmoſt force. I ſhall ſay nothing of her numerous conqueſts for the firſt half of her life: She had wit, youth and beauty, three ingredients which will always attract ſilly admirers. It was not till her fifty ſixth year that her ſuperior merit diſtinguiſhed itſelf; and from that to her ninetieth ſhe went on improving in the real arts and charms of love. How unfortunate am I, that ſhe did not live a few years longer, that I might have had the opportunity of wearing her chains!----- It was in her fifty ſixth year that the chevalier de VILLIERS, a natural ſon whom ſhe had had by the comte de

de GERZE', arrived at Paris from the provinces, where he had been educated without any knowledge of his real parents. He ſaw his mother; he fell in love with her. The increaſe, the vehemence of his paſſion gave the greateſt diſquiets to the affectionate matron. At laſt, when nothing but a diſcovery of the truth could put a ſtop, as ſhe thought, to the impetuoſity of his attempts, ſhe carried him into her bed-chamber------Here my readers will eaſily conceive the tranſports of a young lover, juſt on the brink of happineſs with a charming miſtreſs of near threeſcore! As the adventurous youth would have puſhed his enterprizes, ſhe checked him, and pointing to a clock, ſaid, "Raſh "boy, look there! at that hour, two and "twenty years ago, I was delivered of You "in this very bed!" It is a certain fact, that the unfortunate, abaſhed young man flew into the garden and fell upon his ſword. This cataſtrophe had like to have deprived the age of the moſt accompliſhed miſtreſs that ever adorned the Cytherean annals. It was above twenty years before the afflicted mother would liſten to any addreſſes of a tender nature. At length

the

the polite Abbè de GEDOYN preſſed and obtained an aſſignation. He came and found the enchanting NINON lying on a couch, like the grandmother of the Loves, in the moſt gallant diſhabille; and what was ſtill more delightful, diſpoſed to indulge his utmoſt wiſhes. After the moſt charming endearments, he aſked her---- but with the greateſt reſpect, Why ſhe had ſo long deferred the completion of his happineſs? "Why," replied ſhe, "I muſt confeſs it pro-"ceeded from a remain of vanity: I did pique "myſelf upon having a lover at paſt FOUR-"SCORE, and it was but yeſterday that I was "EIGHTY compleat."

The

A Diſſertation upon Old Women Male & Female 8vo 1720—

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CIII. *Thurſday, December* 19, 1754.

I AM never better pleaſed than when I can vindicate the honour of my native country: At the ſame time, I would not endeavour to defend it prepoſterouſly, nor to contradict the eyes, the ſenſes of mankind, out of ſtark good patriotiſm. The fluctuating condition of the things of this world neceſſarily produces a change in manners and morals, as well as in the face of countries and cities. Climates cannot operate ſo powerfully on conſtitutions, as to preſerve the ſame character perpetually to the ſame nations. I do not doubt but in ſome age of the world the Bœotians will be a very lively whimſical people, and famous for their repartees; and that our neighbour iſlanders will be remark-

able

able for the truth of their ideas, and for the preciſion with which they will deliver their conceptions. Some men are ſo bigotted to antiquated notions, that if they were, even in this age, to write a panegyric on old England, they would cram their compoſition with encomiums on our good-nature, our bravery, and our hoſpitality. This indeed might be a panegyric on OLD England, but would have very little reſemblance to the modern characteriſtics of the nation. Our good nature was neceſſarily ſowered by the ſpirit of party; our courage has been a little cramped by the act of parliament that reſtrained prize-fighting; and hoſpitality is totally impracticable, ſince a much more laudable cuſtom has been introduced, and prevailed univerſally, of paying the ſervants of other people much more than their maſter's dinner coſt. Yet we ſhall always have virtues ſufficient to countenance very exalted panegyrics: And if ſome of our more heroic qualities are grown obſelete, others of a gentler caſt, and better calculated for the happineſs of ſociety, have grown up and diffuſed themſelves in their room. While we were rough and bold, we could

could not be polite: While we feaſted half a dozen wapentakes with ſirloins of beef, and ſheep roaſted whole, we could not attend to the mechaniſm of a plate, no bigger than a crown-piece, *loaded* with the legs of canary birds, dreſſed *à la Pompadour*.

Let nobody ſtart at my calling this a polite nation. It ſhall be the buſineſs of this paper to prove that we are the moſt polite nation in Europe; and that France muſt yield to us in the extreme delicacy of our refinements. I might urge, as a glaring inſtance in which that nation has forfeited her title to politeneſs, the impertinent ſpirit of their parliaments, which though couched in very civilly-worded remonſtrances, is certainly at bottom very ill-bred. They have contradicted their monarch, and croſſed his clergy in a manner not to be defended by a people who pique themſelves upon complaiſance and attentions------But I abominate politics; and when I am writing in defence of politeneſs, ſhall certainly not blend ſo coarſe a ſubject with ſo civil a theme.

It is not virtue that conſtitutes the politeneſs of a nation, but the art of reducing vice to a ſyſtem that does not ſhock ſociety. "POLITE-"NESS" (as I underſtand the word) "is an "univerſal deſire of pleaſing others (that are "not too much below one) in trifles, for a "little time; and of making one's intercourſe "with them agreeable to both parties, by civili-"ty without ceremony, by eaſe without bru-"tality, by complaiſance without flattery, by "acquieſcence without ſincerity." A clergy-man who puts his patron into a ſweat by driv-ing him round the room, till he has found the cooleſt place for him, is not polite. When Bubbamira changes her handkerchief before you, and wipes her neck, rather than leave you alone while ſhe ſhould perform the refreſhing office in next room; I ſhould think ſhe is not polite. When Boncœur ſhivers on your dreary hill, where for twenty years you have been vainly endeavouring to raiſe reluctant plantations, and yet profeſſes that only ſome of the trees have been a little kept back by the late dry ſeaſon; he is not polite; he is more; he is kind. When

Sophia

Sophia is really pleaſed with the ſtench of a kennel, becauſe her huſband likes that ſhe ſhould go and look at a favorite litter; ſhe muſt not pretend to politeneſs; ſhe is only a good wife. If this definition, and theſe inſtances are allowed me, it will be difficult to maintain that the nations who have had the moſt extenſive renown for politeneſs, had any pretenſions to it. The Greeks called all the reſt of the world barbarians: The Romans went ſtill farther, and treated them as ſuch. Alexander, the beſt-bred hero among the former, I muſt own, was polite, and ſhowed great ATTENTIONS for Darius's family; but I queſtion, if he had not extended his ATTENTIONS a little farther to the princeſs Statira, whether he could be pronounced quite well-bred. For the Romans; ſo far from having had any notion of treating foreigners with regard, there is not one claſſic author that mentions a ſingle ball or maſquerade given to any ſtranger of diſtinction. Nay, it was a common practice with them to tie kings, queens, and women of the firſt faſhion of other countries in couples, like hounds, and drag them along their *via Piccadillia* in triumph, for the enter-

tainment of their ſhopkeepers and prentices. A practice that we ſhould look upon with horror! What would *The Examiner* have ſaid, if the duke of Marlborough had hauled marſhal Tallard to St. Paul's or the Royal Exchange behind his chariot? How deſervedly would the French have called us SAVAGES, if we had made marſhall Belleiſle pace along the kennel in Fleet-ſtreet, or up Holbourn, while ſome of our miniſters or generals called it an OVATION?

The French, who attempt to ſucceed the Romans in empire, and who affect to have ſucceeded them in politeneſs, have adopted the ſame way of thinking, though ſo contrary to true good-breeding. They have no idea that an Engliſhman or a German ever ſees a ſuit of cloaths till he arrives at Paris. They wonder, if you talk of a coach at Vienna, or of a ſoupe at London; and are ſo confident of having monopolized all the arts of civilized life, that with the greateſt complaiſance in the world, they affirm to you, That they ſuppoſe your dukes and ducheſſes live in caves, with only the property of wider foreſts than ordinary, and that

that *les mi lords Anglois*, with a great deal of money, live upon raw fleſh, and ride races without breeches or ſaddles. At their houſes, they receive you with wonder that ſhocks you, or with indifference that mortifies you; and if they put themſelves to the torture of converſing with you, after you have taken infinite pains to acquire their language, it is merely to inform you, that you neither know how to dreſs like a ſenſible man, nor to eat, drink, game, or divert yourſelf like a chriſtian. How different are our ATTENTIONS to foreigners! how open our houſes to their nobility, our purſes to their tradeſmen! But without drawing antitheſes between our politeneſs and their ill-breeding, I ſhall produce an inſtance in which we have puſhed our refinements *on the duties of ſociety*, beyond what the moſt civilized nations ever imagined. We are not only well-bred in common intercourſe, but our very crimes are tranſacted with ſuch a ſoftneſs of manners, that though they may *injure*, they are ſure never to *affront* our neighbour. The inſtance I mean, is the extreme good-breeding which has been introduced into the ſcience of robbery, which (conſidering

(conſidering how very frequent it is become) would really grow a nuſance to ſociety, if the profeſſors of it had not taken all imaginable precautions to make it as civil a commerce, as gaming, conveyancing, toad-eating, pimping, or any of the money-inveigling arts, which had already got an eſtabliſhed footing in the world. A highwayman would be reckoned a BRUTE, a MONSTER, if he had not all manner of attention not *to frighten the ladies*; and none of the great Mr. Naſh's laws are more ſacred, than that of reſtoring any favorite bawble to which a robbed lady has a particular partiality. Now turn your eyes to France. No people upon earth have leſs of the *ſcavoir vivre* than their banditti. No Tartar has leſs *douceur* in his manner than a French highwayman. They take your money without making you a bow, and your life without making you an apology. This obliges their government to keep up a numerous guêt, a ſevere police, racks, gibbets, and twenty troubleſome things, which might all be avoided, if they would only reckon and breed up their theives to be *good company*. I know that ſome of our lateſt imported young gentlemen

gentlemen affirm that the ſieur Mandrin *, the terror of the eaſtern provinces, learned to dance of Marſeille himſelf, and has frequently ſupped with the incomparable † Jelliot. But till I hear whether *he dies like a gentleman*, I ſhall forbear to rank him with the *petit maitres* of our own Tyburn. How extreme is the politeſſe of the latter! Mrs. ‡ Chenevix has not more inſinuation when ſhe ſells a ſnuff-box of *papier machè*, or a bergamot toothpick-caſe, than a highwayman when he begs to know if you have no rings nor bank-bills.

An ‖ acquaintance of mine was robbed a few years ago, and very near ſhot through the head by the going off of the piſtol of the accompliſhed Mr. Mc.-LEAN; yet the whole affair was conducted with the greateſt good-breeding on both ſides. The robber, who had only taken a purſe *this way*, becauſe he had that morning been diſappointed of marrying a great fortune, no ſooner returned to his lodgings,

* *A famous French ſmuggler.*
† *A ſinger in the opera at Paris.*
‡ *A faſhionable toy-woman.*
‖ *The Author himſelf.*

than

than he ſent the gentleman two letters of excuſes, which, with leſs wit than the epiſtles of Voiture, had ten times more natural and eaſy politeneſs in the turn of their expreſſion. In the poſtſcript, he appointed a meeting at Tyburn at twelve at night, where the gentleman might *purchaſe again* any trifles he had loſt; and my friend has been blamed for not accepting the rendezvous, as it ſeemed liable to be conſtrued by ill-natured people into a doubt of the *honour* of a man, who had given him all the ſatisfaction in his power, for having *unluckily* been near ſhooting him through the head.

The Lacedæmonians were the only people, except the Engliſh, who ſeem to have put robbery on a right foot; and I have wondered how a nation that had delicacy enough to underſtand robbing on the highway, ſhould at the ſame time have been ſo barbarous, as to eſteem poverty, blackbroth, and virtue! We had no highwaymen, that were men of faſhion, till we had exploded plumb-porridge.

But of all the gentlemen of the road, who have *conformed* to the manners of the GREAT WORLD,

WORLD, none ſeem to me to have carried TRUE POLITENESS ſo far as a late adventurer whom I beg leave to introduce to my readers under the name of the VISITING HIGHWAYMAN. This refined perſon made it a rule to rob none but *people he viſited*; and whenever he deſigned an impromptu of that kind, dreſſed himſelf in a rich ſuit, went to the * lady's houſe, aſked for her, and not finding her at home, *left his name* with her porter, after inquiring which way ſhe was gone. He then followed, or met her, on her return home; *propoſed* his demands, which were generally for ſome favourite ring or ſnuff-box that he had ſeen her wear, and which he had a mind to wear for her ſake; and then letting her know that he had been *to wait on her*, took his leave with a cool bow, and without ſcampering away, as *other* men of faſhion do from a viſit with really the appearance of having ſtolen ſomething.

As I do not doubt but ſuch of my fair readers, as propoſe *being at home* this winter, will be impatient to ſend this charming ſmugler (Charles Fleming by name) a card for their aſſemblies, I am ſorry to tell them that he was hanged laſt week.

* *This happened to a lady at Thiſtleworth.*

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

NUMB. CLX. *Thurſday, January* 22, 1756.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

I Think, Sir, more than three years are paſt, ſince you began to beſtow your labours on the reformation of the follies of the age. You have more than once hinted at the great ſucceſs that has attended your endeavours; but ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you deceive yourſelf. Which of your papers has effectuated any real amendment? Have fewer fools gone to, or returned from France, ſince you commenced author? Or have fewer French follies been purchaſed or propagated by thoſe who never were in France? Do not women, dreſſed French, ſtill iſſue from houſes dreſſed Chineſe, to theatres dreſſed Italian,

lian, in ſpite of your grave admonitions? Do the young men wear leſs claret, or the beauties leſs *rouge*, in obedience to your lectures? Do men of faſhion, who uſed to fling for a thouſand pounds a throw, now caſt only for five hundred? Or if they ſhould, do you impute it to Your credit with Them, or to Their want of credit? I do not mean, Sir, to depreciate the merit of your lucubrations: In point of effect, I believe they have operated as great reformation as the diſcourſes of the divine Socrates, or the ſermons of the affecting Tillotſon. I really believe you would have corrected that young Athenian marquis, Alcibiades, as ſoon as his philoſophic preceptor. What I would urge is, that all the preachers in the world, whether jocoſe, ſatiric, ſevere, or damnatory, will never be able to bring about a reformation of manners, by the mere charms of their eloquence or exhortation. You cannot imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, how much edge it would give to your wit to be backed by a little temporal authority. We may in vain regret the ſimplicity of manners of our anceſtors, while there are no ſumptuary laws to reſtrain luxury, no

eccleſiaſtic cenſures to caſtigate vice. I ſhall offer to your readers an inſtance or two, to elucidate the monſtrous diſproportion between our riches and extravagance, and the frugality of former times; and then produce ſome of the wholeſome cenſures and penalties, which the elders of the church were empowered to impoſe on perſons of the firſt rank, who contravened the eſtabliſhed rules of ſobriety and decorum.

How would our progenitors have been aſtoniſhed at reading the very firſt article in the late will of a * Grocer! "Imprimis, I give to "my dear wife, *one hundred thouſand pounds.*" A ſum exceeding a benevolence, or two ſubſidies, ſome ages ago. Nor was this enormous legacy half the perſonal eſtate of the abovementioned tradeſman, on whom I am far from deſigning to reflect: He raiſed his fortune honeſtly and induſtriouſly: But I hope ſome future antiquarian, ſtruck with the prodigality of the times, will compute how much ſugar and plumbs muſt have been waſted weekly in one inconſiderable pariſh in London, or even in one or two ſtreets of that pariſh, before a ſingle ſhop-

* *One Craſteyn.* keeper

keeper could have raiſed four hundred thouſand pounds by retailing thoſe and ſuch like commodities. Now let us turn our eyes back to the year 1385, and we ſhall find no leſs a perſon than the incomparable and virtuous lady Joan, princeſs dowager of Wales, by her laſt will and teſtament bequeathing the following ſimple moveables; and we may well believe they were the moſt valuable of her poſſeſſions, as ſhe divided them between her ſon the king, and her other children. To her ſon, king Richard, ſhe gave her new bed of red velvet, embroidered with oſtrich feathers of ſilver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves proceeding from their mouths. Alſo to her ſon Thomas, earl of Kent, her bed of red camak, paled with red, and rays of gold; and to John Holland, her other ſon, one bed of red camak. Theſe particulars are faithfully copied from Dugdale *, an inſtance of ſimplicity and moderation in ſo great and illuſtrious a princeſs, which I fear I ſhould in vain recommend to my cotemporaries, and which is only likely to be imitated,

* *vol.* 2. *p.* 94.

as

as all her other virtues are, by the true repreſentative of her fortune and excellence *.

I come now, Sir, to thoſe proper checks upon licentiouſneſs, which, though calculated to ſerve the views of a popiſh clergy, were undoubtedly great reſtraints upon immorality and indecency; and we may lament that ſuch ſober inſtitutions were aboliſhed with the real abuſes of popery. Our eccleſiaſtic ſuperiors had power to lay ſuch fines and mulcts upon wantonneſs, as might raiſe a revenue to the church and poor, and at the ſame time leave the lordly tranſgreſſors at liberty to enjoy their darling foibles, if they would but pay for them. Adultery, fornication, drunkenneſs, and the other amuſements of people of faſhion, it would have been in vain to ſubject to corporal puniſhments. To ridicule thoſe vices, and laugh them out of date by Tatlers, Spectators and Worlds, was not the talent of monks and confeſſors, who at beſt only knew how to wrap up very coarſe terms in very bald latin, and jingling verſes. The

* *The preſent Princeſs Dowager of Wales.*

clergy

clergy ſteered a third courſe, and aſſumed a province, which I could wiſh, Mr. Fitz-Adam, was a little connected with your cenſorial authority. If you had power to oblige your fair readers and offenders to do penance in clean linen, for almoſt wearing no linen at all, I believe it would be an excellent ſupplement to your paper of May the 24, 1753. The wiſeſt exerciſe that I meet recorded of this power of inflicting penance, is mentioned by the ſame grave author, from whom I copied the will above-mentioned: It happened in the year 1360, in the caſe of a very exalted perſonage, and ſhews how little the higheſt birth could exempt from the ſevere inſpection of thoſe judges of manners. The lady Elizabeth, daughter of the marquiſs of Juliers, and widow of John Plantaginet earl of Kent, uncle of the princeſs Joan before-mentioned, having on the death of the earl her huſband retired to the monaſtery of Waverly, did (I ſuppoſe immediately) make a vow of chaſtity, and was ſolemnly veiled a nun there by William de Edendon, biſhop of Wincheſter. Somehow or other it happened, that about eight years afterwards, ſiſter Elizabeth

beth of Waverly became enamoured of a goodly knight, called Sir Euſtace Dawbridgcourt, ſmitten (as tradition ſays ſhe affirmed) by his extreme reſemblance to her late lord; though as other creditable writers affirm, he was conſiderably younger: And notwithſtanding her vows of continence, which could not bind her conſcience, and, in ſpite of her confinement, which was not ſtrong enough to detain a lady of her great quality, ſhe was clandeſtinely married to her paramour, in a certain chapel of the manſion-houſe of Robert de Brome, a canon of the collegiate church of Wyngham, without any licence from the archbiſhop of Canterbury, by one Sir John Ireland, a prieſt, before the ſunriſing, upon Michaelmas-day, in the thirty-fourth of Edward the Third.

Notwithſtanding the great ſcandal ſuch an indecorum muſt have given, it is evident from the ſubſervience of two prieſts to her deſires, that her rank of princeſs of the blood ſet her above all apprehenſion of puniſhment for the breach of her monaſtic vows; yet it is as evident from the ſequel of the ſtory, that her dignity

nity could not exempt her from ſuch proper cenſures and penalties, as might deter others from commiſſion of the like offences; as might daily and frequently expoſe the lady herſelf to bluſhes for her miſcarriage; and as might draw comfort to the poor, from taxing the inordinate gratification of the appetites of their ſuperiors: A ſort of comfort, which, to do them juſtice, the poor are apt to take as kindly, as the relief of their own wants.

My author ſays *, that the lady dowager and her young huſband being perſonally convented before the archbiſhop of Canterbury for the ſaid tranſgreſſion, at his manor houſe of Haghfeld, upon the ſeventh ides of April, the archbiſhop for their penance enjoined them to find a prieſt to celebrate divine ſervice daily for Them, the ſaid Sir Euſtace and Elizabeth, and for Him, the archbiſhop; beſides a large quantity of penitential pſalms, paternoſters and aves, which were to be daily repeated by the prieſts and the tranſgreſſors. His grace moreover ordered the lady Elizabeth, whom for ſome reaſons beſt

* *vol.* 2. *p.* 95.

known to himſelf I ſuppoſe he regarded as the ſeducer, to go once a year on foot in pilgrimage to the tomb of that glorious martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury; and once every week during her life to faſt on bread and drink, and a meſs of pottage, wearing no ſmock, eſpecially in the abſence of her huſband; a penance that muſt appear whimſical to us, and not a little partial to Sir Euſtace, whom the archbiſhop ſeems in more reſpects than one to have conſidered rather as diſobedient to the canons, than guilty of much voluptuouſneſs by his wedlock. But the moſt remarkable articles of the penance were the two following. The archbiſhop appointed the ſaid ſir Euſtace and the lady Elizabeth, that the next day after any repetition of their tranſgreſſion had paſſed between them, they ſhould competently relieve ſix poor people, and both of them that day to abſtain from ſome diſh of fleſh or fiſh, whereof they did moſt deſire to eat.

Such was the ſimplicity of our anceſtors. Such were the wholeſome ſeverities to which the greateſt dames and moſt licentious young lords were ſubject in thoſe well-meaning times.

But

But though I approve the morality of ſuch corrections, and perhaps think that a degree of ſuch power might be ſafely lodged in the hands of our great and good prelates; yet I am not ſo bigotted to antiquity as to approve either the articles of the penance, or to think that they could be reconciled to the difference of modern times and cuſtoms. Paternoſters and aves might be ſupplied by prayers and litanies of a more proteſtant complexion. Inſtead of a pilgrimage on foot to Canterbury, if an inordinate matron were compelled to walk to Ranelagh, I believe the penance might be ſevere enough for the delicacy of modern conſtitutions. For the article of leaving off a ſhift, conſidering that the upper half is already laid aſide, perhaps to oblige a lady-offender to wear a whole ſhift, might be thought a ſufficient puniſhment; for wiſe legiſlators will allow a latitude of interpretation to their laws, to be varied according to the fluctuating condition of times and ſeaſons. What moſt offends me, as by no means proper for modern imitation, is the article that preſcribes charity to the poor, and a reſtriction from eating of a favourite diſh, after the performance of

certain myſteries. If the right reverend father was determined to make the lady Elizabeth aſhamed of her incontinence, in truth he lighted upon a very adequate expedient, though not a very wiſe one; for as devotion and charity are obſerved to increaſe with increaſe of years, the biſhop's injunction tended to nothing but to leſſen the benefactions of the offenders as they grew older, by the conditions to which he limited their largeſs.

One can ſcarce reflect without a ſmile on the troops of beggars waiting every morning at ſir Euſtace's gate, till he and his lady aroſe, to know whether their wants were to be relieved. One muſt not word, but one cannot help imagining, the ſtyle of a modern footman, when ordered at breakfaſt by his maſter and lady to go and ſend away the beggars, for they were to have nothing that morning. One might even ſuppoſe the good lady pouting a little, as ſhe gave him the meſſage. But were ſuch a penance really enjoined now, what a fund of humour and wit would it open to people of faſhion, invited to dine with two illuſtrious penitents under this circumſtance! As *their* wit is never indelicate; as the

the ſubject is inexhauſtible; and as the ideas on ſuch an occaſion muſt be a little corporeal, what *bons mots*, wrapped up indeed, but ſtill intelligible enough, would attend the arrival of every new French diſh, which ſir Euſtace or my lady would be concluded to like, and would decline to taſte!-----But I fear I have tranſgreſſed the bounds of a letter. You, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who ſway the cenſorial rod with the greateſt lenity, and who would bluſh to put your fair penitents to the bluſh, might be ſafely truſted with the powers I recommend. Human weakneſſes, and human follies, are very different: Continue to attack the latter; continue to pity the former. An ancient lady might reſiſt wearing pink; a matron who cannot reſiſt the proweſs of a ſir Euſtace Dawbridgcourt, is not a topic for ſatire, but compaſſion; as you, who are the beſt natured writer of the age, will I am ſure agree to think, with, Sir,

Your conſtant reader

and humble ſervant,

THOMAS HEARNE, JUN.

The

The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

* NUMB. CXCV. *Thurſday, Sept.* 23, 1756.

-------Generoſiùs
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter
Expavit enſem. HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO a well-diſpoſed mind there can be no greater ſatisfaction than the knowledge that one's labours for the good of the public have been crowned with ſucceſs. This, Sir, is remarkably the caſe of your paper of Sept. the 9th, on Suicide; a faſhionable rage, which I hope you will proceed to expoſe; and I do

* *This paper is a ſequel to* N° 193, *written by* J. T. *Eſq*;

not

not doubt but you will be as famous for rooting out what, may I be allowed to call, *ſingle combat*, or the humour of fighting with one's ſelf, as your predeceſſor *The Tatler* was for exploding the ridiculous cuſtom of duels. The pleaſantry of your eſſay on the reigning mode of voluntary deaths has preſerved to a little neighbourhood a very hoſpitable gentleman, to the poor a good friend, to a very deſerving ſon and daughter a tender parent, and has ſaved the perſon himſelf from a very fooliſh exit. This character, Sir, which perhaps from a natural partiality I may have drawn a little too amiably, I take to be my own; and not to trouble you with the hiſtory of a man who has nothing remarkable belonging to him, I will only let you into what is ſo far neceſſary, as that I am a gentleman of about fifty, have a moderate eſtate in very good condition, have ſeen a great deal of the world, and without being weary of it, live chiefly in the country with children whom I love. You will be curious to know what could drive my thoughts to ſo deſperate a reſolution, when I tell you farther, that I hate gaming, have buried my wife, and have no one illneſs. But alas! Sir, I am

extremely

extremely *well-born*: Pedigree is my diſtemper; and having obſerved how much the mode of ſelf-murder prevails among people of rank, I grew to think that there was no *living* without *killing* one's ſelf. I reflected how many of my great anceſtors had fallen in battle, by the axe, or in duels, according as the turn of the ſeveral ages in which they lived, diſpoſed of the nobility; and I thought the deſcendant of ſo many heroes muſt contrive to periſh by means as violent and illuſtrious. What a diſgrace, thought I, for the great grandſon of Mowbrays, Veres and Beauchamps to die in a good old age of a fever! I bluſhed whenever I caſt my eyes on our genealogy in the little parlour——I determined to ſhoot myſelf. It is true, no man ever had more reluctance to leave the world; and when I went to clean my piſtols, every drop of Mowbray blood in my veins ran as cold as ice. As my conſtitution is good and hearty, I thought it would be time enough to *die ſuddenly* twenty or thirty years hence; but happening about a month ago to be near choaked by a fiſh bone, I was alarmed for the honour of my family, and have been ever ſince *preparing for death*. The

letter

letter to be left on my table (which indeed coſt me ſome trouble to compoſe, as I had no reaſon to give for my *ſudden reſolution*) was written out fair, when I read your paper; and from that minute I have changed my mind; and though it ſhould be ever ſo great a diſgrace to my family, I am reſolved to live as long and as happily as I can.

You will no doubt, good Sir, be encouraged from this example to purſue the reformation of this contagious crime. Even in the ſmall diſtrict where I live, I am not the only inſtance of a propenſity to ſuch a cataſtrophe. The lord of the manor, whoſe fortune indeed is much ſuperior to mine, though there is no compariſon in the antiquity of our families, has had the very ſame thought. He is turned of ſixty-ſeven, and is devoured by the ſtone and gout. In a dreadful fit of the former, as his phyſician was ſitting by his bedſide, on a ſudden his lordſhip ceaſed roaring, and commanded his relations and chaplain to withdraw, with a compoſure unuſual to him even in his beſt health; and putting on the greateſt appearance of philoſo-

phy, or what, if the chaplain had ſtaid, would have been called reſignation, he commanded the doctor to tell him, if his caſe was really deſperate. The phyſician, with a ſlow profuſion of latinized evaſions, endeavoured to elude the queſtion, and to give him ſome glimmerings of hope, "That there might be a chance that the "extremity of the pain would occaſion a de-"gree of fever, that might not be mortal in "itſelf, but which, if things did not come to a "criſis ſoon, might help to carry his lordſhip "off."-------"I underſtand you by G--d," ſays his lordſhip, with great tranquility and a few more oaths; "Yes, d----n you, you want to "kill me with ſome of your confounded diſtem-"pers; but I'll tell you what, I only aſked "you, becauſe if I can't poſſibly live, I am de-"termined to kill myſelf; for rot me! if it "ſhall ever be ſaid that a man of my quality "died of a curſed natural death. There, tell "Boman * to give you your fee, and bid him "bring me my piſtols." However, the fit abated, and the neighbourhood is ſtill waiting

* *The name of Lord Chalkſtone's gentleman in Lethe.*

with

with great impatience to be *ſurprized* with an account of his lordſhip's having ſhot himſelf.

However, Mr. Fitz-Adam, extenſive as the ſervice is which you may render to the community by aboliſhing this heatheniſh practice, I think in ſome reſpects it is to be treated with tenderneſs; in one caſe always to be tolerated. National courage is certainly not at high-water mark: What if the notion of the dignity of ſelf-murder ſhould be indulged till the end of the war? A man who has reſolution enough to kill himſelf, will certainly never dread being killed by any body elſe. It is the privilege of a *free-dying Engliſhman*, to chuſe his death: If any of our high-ſpirited notions are cramped, it may leaven our whole fund of valour; and while we are likely to have occaſion for all we can exert, I ſhould humbly be of opinion, that you permitted ſelf-murder till the peace, upon this condition, that it ſhould be diſhonourable for any man to kill himſelf, till he had found that no Frenchman was brave enough to perform that ſervice for him.

Indeed the very celebration of this myſtery has been tranſacted hitherto in a manner ſomewhat mean, and unworthy people of faſhion. No tradeſman could hang himſelf more feloniouſly than our very nobles do. There is none of that open defiance of the laws of their country, none of that contempt for what the world may think of them, which they ſo properly wear on other occaſions. They ſteal out of the world from their own cloſets, or before their ſervants are up in a morning. They leave a miſerable apology behind them, inſtead of ſitting up all night drinking, till the morning comes for diſpatching themſelves: Unlike their great originals, the Romans, who had reduced ſelf-murder to a ſyſtem of good-breeding, and uſed to *ſend cards* to their acquaintance to notify their intention. Part of the duty of the week in Rome * was to *leave one's name* at the doors of ſuch as were ſtarving themſelves. Particular friends were *let in*; and if very intimate, it was even expected that they ſhould uſe ſome common-place phraſes of diſſuaſion. I can conceive no foundation for our ſhabby way of bolting into t'other world, but that obſolete law which

* *Vide Pliny's epiſtles.*

inflicts

inflicts a croſs-road and a ſtake on ſelf-executioners: A moſt abſurd ſtatute; nor can I imagine any penalty that would be effectual, unleſs one could condemn a man who had killed himſelf, to be brought to life again. Somewhere indeed I have read of a ſucceſsful law for reſtraining this crime. In ſome of the Grecian ſtates the women of faſhion incurred the anger of Venus-----I quite forget upon what occaſion; perhaps for little or none: Goddeſſes in thoſe days were ſcarce leſs whimſical than their fair votaries-----Whatever the cauſe was, ſhe inſpired them with a fury of ſelf-murder. The legiſlature of the country, it ſeems, thought the reſentment of the deity a little arbitrary; and to put a ſtop to the practice, deviſed an expedient, which one ſhould have thought would have been very inadequate to the evil. They ordered the beauteous bodies of the lovely delinquents to be hung up naked by one foot in the public ſquares. How the fair offenders came to think this attitude unbecoming, or why they imagined any poſition that diſcovered all their charms, could be ſo, is not mentioned by hiſtorians; nor, at this diſtance of time, is it poſ-

ſible

ſible for us moderns to gueſs: Certain it is, that the penalty put a ſtop to the barbarous cuſtom.

But what ſhall one ſay to thoſe countries, which not only allow this crime, but encourage it even in that part of the ſpecies, whoſe ſoftneſs demands all protection, and ſeems moſt abhorrent from every thing ſanguinary and fierce? We know there are nations, where the magiſtrate gravely gives permiſſion to the ladies to accompany their huſbands into the other world, and where it is reckoned the greateſt profligacy for a widow not to demand leave to burn herſelf alive. Were this faſhion once to *take* here, I tremble to think what havock it would occaſion. Between the natural propenſity to ſuicide, and the violence of conjugal engagements, one ſhould not ſee ſuch a thing as a lozenge, or a widow. Adieu, jointures! adieu, thoſe ſoft reſources of the brave and neceſſitous! What unfortunate relict but would prefer being buried alive to the odious embraces of a ſecond paſſion? Indeed, Mr. Fitz-Adam; you muſt keep a ſtrict eye on our fair country-women. I know one or two, who already wear pocket piſtols; which, conſidering

conſidering the tenderneſs of their natures, can only be intended againſt their own perſons. And this article leads me naturally to the only caſe, in which, as I hinted above, I think ſelf-murder always to be allowed. The moſt admired death in hiſtory is that of the incomparable Lucretia, the pattern of her ſex, and the eventual foundreſs of Roman liberty. As there never has been a lady ſince that time, in her circumſtances, but what has imitated her example, I think, Sir, I may pronounce the caſe immutably to be excepted: And when Mr. Fitz-Adam, with that ſucceſs and glory which always has and muſt attend his labours, has decried the ſavage practice in vogue, I am perſuaded he will declare that ſhe is not only excuſable, but that it is impoſſible any woman ſhould live after having been raviſhed.

I am, SIR,

Your truly obliged

humble ſervant,

and admirer,

H. M.

A

WORLD EXTRAORDINARY.

* The following paper having been tranſmitted to Mr. FITZ-ADAM's bookſeller on the very day of that gentleman's misfortune, he takes the liberty to offer it to the public juſt as it came to his hand.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

AS the contagion of politics has been ſo prevalent of late, that it has even (I won't ſay, infected, but at leaſt) infuſed itſelf into the ‡ papers of the impartial Mr. Fitz-Adam, per-

* *It was publiſhed after* The World *had ceaſed, on the ſuppoſed death of the imaginary author.*

‡ *This alludes to* N° 207, *which under borrowed characters deſcribed a revolution in the Miniſtry, very favourably to the D. of N. and not at all ſo to Mr. F. and Mr. P.*

haps

haps I may not make him an unacceptable preſent in the following piece, which will humour the bent of his diſorder (for I muſt conſider political writings as a diſtemper) and at the ſame time will cool, not increaſe, any ſharpneſs in his blood.

Though the author of this little eſſay is retired from the buſier ſcenes of life, he has not buried himſelf in ſuch indifference to his country, as to deſpiſe, or not attend to, what is paſſing even in thoſe ſcenes he has quitted; and having withdrawn from inclination, not from diſguſt, he preſerves the ſame attachments that he formerly made, though contracted even then from eſteem, not from intereſt. He ſees with a feeling concern the diſtreſſes and diſtractions of his country; he foreſees with anxiety the conſequences of both. He laments the diſcord that divides thoſe * men of ſuperior genius, whoſe union, with all their abilities, were perhaps inadequate to the criſis of our affairs. He does not preſume to diſcuſs the grounds of their diſſentions, which he wiſhes themſelves to overlook; and he would be one of the laſt men in

* *Mr. F. and Mr. P.*

England to foment diviſion, where his intereſt as a Briton, and his private inclinations as a man, bid him hope for coalition. Yet he would not be a man, he might be a ſtoic, if even theſe inclinations were equally balanced: His admiration may be ſuſpended, his heart will be partial. From theſe ſenſations he has been naturally led to lament and condemn the late torrent of perſonalities: He ſees with grief the greateſt characters treated with the greateſt licentiouſneſs: His friendſhip has been touched at finding one of the moſt reſpectable aſperſed in the moſt injurious manner. He holds That perſon's fame as much ſuperior to reproach, as he thinks himſelf inferior to That perſon's defence; and yet he cannot help giving his teſtimony to the reputation of a man, with whoſe friendſhip he has long been honoured. This ambition, Sir, has occaſioned my troubling you with the following portrait, written eight years ago; deſigned then as private incenſe to an honoured name; and ever ſince preſerved by the author only, and in the fair hands to which it was originally addreſſed. I will detain you no longer than to ſay, that if this little piece ſhould

was

be accuſed of flattery, let it be remembered, that it was written when the ſubject of it was no miniſter of ſtate, and that it is publiſhed now (and ſhould not elſe have been publiſhed) when he is no miniſter at all.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

H. M.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady CAROLINE FOX.

MADAM,

I Have been attempting to draw a picture of one of your friends, and think I have in ſome degree ſucceeded; but as I fear natural partiality may make me flatter myſelf, I chooſe to ſubmit to your ladyſhip's judgment, whoſe prepoſſeſſion for the perſon repreſented is likely to balance what fondneſs I may have for my own performances. As I believe you love the perſon in queſtion, as much as ever other people love themſelves, the medium between the faults

you ſhall find, and the juſt reſemblance that I ſee in the following portrait, is likely to be an exact image.

The gentleman I am drawing is about * three and forty: As you ſee all the fondneſs and delicacy and attention of a lover in him, perhaps your ladyſhip may take him to be but three and twenty: But I, whoſe talent is not flattery, and who from his judgment and experience and authority, ſhould at firſt ſet him down for three-ſcore, upon the ſtricteſt enquiry can only allow him to be in the vigour of his age and underſtanding. His perſon decides rather on my ſide, for though he has all the eaſe and amiableneſs of youth, yet your ladyſhip muſt allow that it has a dignity, which youth might aim at in vain, and for which it will ſcarce ever be exchanged. If I were like common painters, I ſhould give him a ruddy healthful complexion, and light up his countenance with inſipid ſmiles and unmeaning benignity: But this would not be a faithful portrait: A florid bloom would no more give an idea of him, than his bended brow at firſt lets one into the vaſt humanity of his

* *This was written in the year* 1748.

temper;

temper; or than an undiſtinguiſhing ſmile would ſupply the place of his manly curioſity and penetration. To paint him with a chearful open countenance would be a poor return of compliment for the flattery that his approbation beſtows, which, by not being promiſed, doubly ſatisfies one's ſelf-love. The merit of others is degrading to their friends; the gentleman I mean makes his worth open upon you, by perſuading you that he diſcovers ſome in you.

He has that true characteriſtic of a great man, that he is ſuperior to others in his private, ſocial, unbended hours. I am far from meaning by this ſuperiority, that he exerts the force of his genius unneceſſarily: On the contrary, you only perceive his preheminence in thoſe moments by his being more agreably goodnatured, and idle with more eaſe, than other people. He ſeems inquiſitive, as if his only buſineſs were to learn; and is unreſerved, as if he were only to inform; and is equally incapable of myſtery in pretending to know what he does not, or in concealing what he does.

In the houſe of commons he was for ſome time an ungraceful and unpopular ſpeaker, the abundance

abundance of his matter overflowing his elocution: But the force of his reaſoning has prevailed both over his own defects and thoſe of his audience. He ſpeaks with a ſtrength and perſpicuity of argument that commands the admiration of an age apt to be more cheaply pleaſed. But his vanity cannot ſatisfy itſelf on the terms it could ſatisfy others; nor would he thank any man for his approbation, unleſs he were conſcious of deſerving it. But he carries this delicacy ſtill farther, and has been at the idle labour of making himſelf fame and honours by purſuing a regular and ſteady plan, when art and eloquence would have carried him to an equal height, and made thoſe fear him, who now only love him-----if a party can love a man who they ſee is only connected with them by principles, not by prejudices.

In another light one may diſcover another littleneſs in his conduct: In the affairs of his office † he is as minute and as full of application as if he were always to remain in the ſame poſt; and as exact and knowing as if he always had been in it. He is as attentive to the ſollicitation and intereſts of others in his province, as if he were making

† *Secretary of war.*

making their fortune, not his own; and to the great detriment of the miniſtry, has turned one of the beſt ſine cures under the goverument into one of the moſt laborious employments, at the ſame time imagining that the eaſe with which he executes it, will prevent a diſcovery of the innovation. He receives all officers who addreſs to him with as little pride as if he were ſecure of innate nobility; yet this defect of illuſtrious birth is a blemiſh, which ſome of the greateſt men have wanted to make them compleatly great: Tully had it; had the happineſs and glory of raiſing himſelf from a private condition; but boaſting of it, might as well have been noble: He degraded himſelf by uſurping that prerogative of nobility, pride of what one can neither cauſe nor prevent.

I ſay nothing of his integrity, becauſe I know nothing of it, but that it has never been breathed upon even by ſuſpicion: It will be time enough to vindicate it, when it has been impeached. He is as well-bred as thoſe who colour over timidity with gentleneſs of manners, and as bravely ſincere as thoſe who take, or would have brutality taken for honeſty; but though his greateſt freedom is polite,

polite, his greateſt condeſcenſion is dignified with ſpirit; and he can no more court his enemies, than relax in kindneſs to his friends. Yet though he has more ſpirit than almoſt any man living, it is never looked upon as flowing from his paſſions, by the intimate connection that it always preſerves with his underſtanding. Yet his paſſions are very ſtrong: He loves play, women more, and one woman more than all. The amiableneſs of his behaviour to her, is only equalled by hers to him-----But as your ladyſhip would not know a picture of this charming woman, when drawn with all her proper graceful virtues; and as that engaging ignorance might lead you even into an uncertainty about the portrait of the gentleman, I ſhall lay down my pencil, and am,

MADAM,

Your LADYSHIP's

moſt obedient

humble ſervant,

VANDYKE.

The WORLD*.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

" *I cannot but think we ſhould have more Learning,*
" *if We had fewer books.*"
Preface to BAKER's Reflections.

THE lovers of Litterature, whoſe paſſion for books, is at leaſt as great as it is laudable, lament the loſs of the Alexandrian library, which is ſaid to have contained ſeven hundred thouſand volumes. Immeaſurable as this loſs was, time and induſtry have prodigiouſly repaired it; and if I might eſcape being thought an abſolute Goth, I ſhould humbly be of opinion, that the deſtruction of that library was rather a bleſſing than a detriment to the

* *The two following papers were not publiſhed, the plan not having been compleated.*

Common-wealth of Letters. What may we ſuppoſe thoſe ſo many thouſand volumes contained? Were ſeven hundred thouſand volumes all worth reading? If they were, who would have leiſure to read them? If they were not, at leaſt as many as were good for nothing, have happily met with a proper fate. Theſe books, we may ſuppoſe, contained great treaſures of Philoſophy, Aſtronomy, Geography, Hiſtory, Poetry, Oratory, Mathematics, *&c.* mighty entertaining novels, and a wonderful maſs of knowledge relating to, and explanatory of, or perhaps more beautifully perplexing, the theory of Egyptian divinity and hieroglyphics. One can hardly believe, though it contained greater quantities of ancient ſcience and eloquence than what have reached our days, that this library was repleniſhed with authors of ſuperior knowledge, or with greater diſcoveries, than we have received from our other venerable predeceſſors. And do we wiſh for more fabulous hiſtory, for more fantaſtic philoſophy, for more imperfect aſtronomy, for more blundering geography, than we already poſſeſs under ancient names? I ſpeak not in derogation of the Ancients; but as their diſcove-

ries

ries were very incomplete, and their traditions very inaccurate, why do we wiſh they were multiplied? When we reflect, that half our preſent knowledge has ſprung from diſcovering the errors of what had formerly been called by that name, we may comfort ourſelves that the inveſtigation of Truth is at leaſt as eaſy without ſo many falſe lights to miſguide us, as if we knew how many more wrong conjectures had been made by our forefathers.

Not to mention how enormouſly this library would have procreated other libraries! What tranſlations, commentaries, explanations, ſcholias, various readings, paraphraſes-----nay, what controverſies would have been engendered by almoſt every volume in this capacious repoſitory! Ariſtotle alone, whoſe works, or at leaſt ſuch as are called his, are happily extant, was in ſo great repute about two centuries ago, that no leſs than twelve thouſand authors are computed to have commented or written upon his works: And though the Alexandrian authors might none of them have founded ſuch numerous ſects, yet conſidering the veneration paid to whatever is

ancient, or to whatever is called Learning, there can be no doubt but the exiſtence of that departed library would have multiplied books to a degree, which even the hardeſt ſtudents might have beheld with regret; as few are maſters of ſuch ſtrength of eyes and conſtitution, or of ſuch extended lives as to be able to ſatiate their curioſity in ſuch an ocean of litterature, let in upon the already immenſe deluge of ſcience. Some men indeed have been ſuch giants in ſtudy, as to conquer Greece, Rome, Arabia, Perſia, and even thoſe impracticable ſtrangers, the Cophti: Some are renowned for reading ſixteen or eighteen hours a day; and one great Hero of the republic of letters boaſted that he had ſo entirely exhauſted all knowledge, that he was now reduced to read the hiſtory of the Highwaymen. But few are there now, alas, of ſuch vigour! Few reſemble the great Accurſius, who boaſted that he had corrected ſeven hundred errors in Claudian as he rode poſt through Germany.

To ſay the truth, we have not only enough of ancient books, but are far overſtocked with both ancient and modern, conſidering either how little is read, or how impoſſible it is to read all

all that has already been written. In the latter reſpect, modern authors are far more excuſable than modern readers. The authors write for the preſent hour, becauſe they are not ſure that to-morrow they ſhall be read: But as to readers, who are continually demanding new books, I ſhould humbly ſuggeſt, that all books, however long ago they were written, are to all intents and purpoſes, new books to ſuch as never read them. People do not generally know what reſervoirs of knowledge and pleaſure are actually in being: There is no ſubject, on which there are not already extant books enough to employ all the idle hours of thoſe idle people who are in daily want of ſomething new: Perhaps it may not be exaggeration to ſay, that the only old books, are ſuch as are publiſhed every day. The mere catalogue of the Bodleian library compoſes four volumes in folio: The Vatican is ſtill larger. The ſingle Bangorian controverſy, at one, two ſhillings, or half a crown a pamphlet, coſt upwards of thirty pounds: But theſe pieces, with others of the like nature, have I believe long ago been gathered to their forefathers, the Alexandrians. The journals of

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the war between the moſt ſerene Princeſs Canning, and the Egyptian Sultana, Mary Squires, make no inconſiderable figure in modern libraries; and the important point of the reſtoration of Judaiſm added conſiderable recruits to the claſſes of hiſtory and polemic Divinity. One Ferri wrote eleven hundred ſermons on the epiſtle to the Hebrews. Other laborious authors have been ſo puzzled to find out new ſubjects, or at leaſt ſo determined to write new books, that they have compoſed catalogues of the different denominations of authors, or of ſuch as have written under particular circumſtances. Baillet not only publiſhed an account of *Anti*'s, that is, of ſuch books as were written againſt others, but he undertook a work, in which he propoſed to give a deſcription of ſuch books as had been intended to be written. Naudè collected a liſt of authors who had diſguiſed their names; and another of great men who had been accuſed of magic. Decker compoſed an account of anonymous writings: Pierius Valerianus gave one catalogue of unfortunate learned men, and another of phyſicians who were poets: Kortholt,

* *The lateſt work of this kind is the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* of

of biſhops who had been poets; and Menage, of eccleſiaſtics who had written bawdy poems. Ancillon was ſtill more curious, for he made a catalogue of learned men who had written nothing at all. Hottinger, another grave trifler, has two whole pages filled only with names of thoſe who correſponded with him; and ſome years ago there was a French * Abbè who commenced author upon a very new ſtock; by writing an account of ſuch authors as had preſented him with their writings. The greateſt wonder is, that none of theſe laborious compilers ſhould have pretended to give a relation of ſuch books as have long ſince periſhed, though their authors had, like Horace and Ovid, aſſured the world and themſelves that their works would be immortal. But one need not go an hundred years back to give inſtances of the exceſſive increaſe of authors: The gazettes, novels, lives, dying ſpeeches, magazines, dictionaries of our own days, are flagrant proofs of my aſſertion. Indeed if the rage of publication continues in the ſame propotion, I do not ſee but all the world muſt be books; and that it will become as neceſſary to burn a field of books, as a field of furze

* *Abbè de Marolles.*

furze or ſtubble. The very means employed to leſſen the abuſe, is an increaſe of it: I mean, all ſciences are ſo over written, that the very abridgments are an additional evil.

I can eaſily conceive that a Chineſe or Indian, hereafter viſiting Europe, may acquaint one of his correſpondents, in the hyperbolic ſtyle of the Eaſt, "That it is exceeding diffi-"cult to travel in theſe countries, by reaſon of "vaſt waſte tracts of land, which they call "*libraries*, which being very little frequented, "and lying uncultivated, occaſion a ſtagnation "of bad and unwholeſome air; that neverthe-"leſs, the inhabitants, ſo far from deſtroying "or rooting out what they ſo little either uſe "or eſteem, are continually extending theſe "deſerts; that even ſome of the natives who "have waded farther than ordinary into theſe "foreſts, are fond and proud of tranſplanting "out of one part into another, and though they "are ſure that their own labours will be choaked "up the next day by ſome of their neighbours, "they go on in their idle toil, and flatter them-"ſelves with the hopes of immortality for having

"contributed

" contributed to extend a wilderneſs, into which
" nobody thinks it worth his while to penetrate.
" There are indeed ſome who for fear of loſing
" their way in the vaſt foreſt of learning, where
" it is pretended that every tree is a tree of
" knowledge, have endeavoured to perſuade
" their countrymen to pluck up all root and
" branch, excepting one or two favorite trunks,
" from which they pretend all knowledge may be
" gathered, in which all arts and ſciences are in-
" cluded. Indeed they do not totally agree upon
" which are the authors who thus contain all
" erudition. One party pretend it is their Al-
" coran; the other, an ancient poet called Ho-
" mer: The former ſeem to ſtudy their religion
" with a poetic imagination; the latter are as
" ready to fight for their opinion, as if it was a
" religious enthuſiaſm."-------But not to dwell too long in the perſon of an imaginary future ſatiriſt, I ſhall revert to my firſt propoſition, that there are already books enough, if the world is really diſpoſed to read; and that both, regret for old periſhed authors, which we do not know whether they were good or bad, and appetite for new books, which we do not care

whether they are good or bad, are equally marks of a falſe vitiated taſte. The former lamentations were agreeable to the pedantry of the laſt age, when provided a man did but write pure claſſic Latin, it mattered not how trifling and ridiculous were the topics. Scaliger and Cardan, two great potentates in the empire of learning, had a profound diſpute whether Parrots were ugly creatures or not; and both uſed in great abundance thoſe annoying weapons of abuſe, which were ſo much in vogue with the litterati of that age: I may perhaps have occaſion in another paper to give ſome account of the ſcurrilous wars which were formerly waged by the graveſt profeſſors in moſt of the univerſities and ſchools from Siena to Leyden. The fondneſs of the moderns for books, books, new books, puts me in mind of certain country gentlemen, neighbours of Balzac, who made him a viſit, and after a thouſand ſpeeches, aſſured him that it was incredible how great a veneration they had for him and *Meſſieurs ſes Livres.*

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The WORLD.

By ADAM FITZ-ADAM.

IN my laſt paper, I hinted at ſome of the inconveniences attending the preſent innundation of books, and I have the ſatisfaction of hearing from all hands that a reformation of this abuſe would be univerſally acceptable. Some of the greateſt devourers of books, from whom I expected moſt oppoſition, have exhorted me to proceed in the ſcheme I have conceived of leſſening the number, aſſuring me that they have laid in ſuch a ſtock of ſcience, as will enable them to furniſh the world with complete bodies of all uſeful knowledge, in a far leſs compaſs than in what it lies at preſent. The illiterate part of my diſciples proteſt that it is nothing but the prodigious number of books which deters them from ſetting about to ſtudy in earneſt, and they offer me if I will reduce all litterature to

a few plays, poems and novels, to make themſelves perfect maſters of all the knowledge that is requiſite for gentlemen. I have long been ſenſible how great a diſcouragement the very ſight of a large library muſt be to a young beginner. The univerſities recommend to me to aboliſh what is called *polite learning:* They obſerve, that the Jeſuits, who among many pernicious arts, have ſometimes been ſerviceable to the world, have already as far as in them lay, annihilated one Roman author, Lucan, by omitting him, when they illuſtrated all the other claſſics for the uſe of the Dauphin; but I believe the objection lay not againſt his poetry, but his principles, the freedom of which I am ſure muſt be very agreeable to each good Lady *Alma Mater.* One of them, who formerly placed Mr. Lock's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding in her Index Expurgatorius, has very prudently recognized the merit of that treatiſe------ and I am perſuaded, has ſuch a veneration for the author, that She would highly condemn me if I was even to attempt deſtroying his Eſſay on Government, wherein he expoſes the monkiſh doctrine of hereditary right.

Armed

Armed with all the above-mentioned authorities, I declare myſelf inveſted with a new dignity, namely, *Inquiſitor of the World of Books*; and in imitation of other great potentates, who after eſtabliſhing their dominion by force, have endeavoured to ſatisfy the world in the legality of their title by ſome, however far-fetched, deſcent, I declare myſelf iſſued in a right line from the two peculiar monarchs, who of all mankind could derive to me the beſt title to the province I have undertaken of pronouncing upon all books and ſciences, and in conſequence of that, of proceeding to burn and deſtroy ſuch as I ſhall diſapprove. The firſt of theſe princes, was the very patriarch of my genealogy, even Adam, who as Pinedo, a very competent judge, aſſures us, underſtood all ſciences, but politics-----and his deficience in this particular branch of human learning, was not to be aſcribed to any imperfection in the univerſality of his genius, but merely becauſe in his time, there were no princes, no embaſſadors, no Ratiſbon. The other prince from whom I have the honour of being deſcended, was Chi Hoang Ti, Emperor of China, a much

much injured name, of whom Pere du Halde in particular, forgetting the reſpect due to crowned heads, is ſo groſs as to ſay that a certain ordinance of his, which I am going to mention, *rendit ſon nom & ſa memoire execrable à la poſterité.* The venerable decree which this impertinent Jeſuit anathematizes, was----not, as one ſhould think by his ſtyle, an order like Herod's for the murder of the innocents------no, it was only a decree for burning all the books in China. But before I enter upon the diſcuſſion of this decree, I ſhall in few words re-capitulate the chief events of my anceſtor's reign, which will vindicate his memory, and prove him to have been as well qualified to ſway a ſcepter as any prince that ever ſat on a throne. If unavoidable miſfortunes have reduced *Us* to a leſs ſhining, leſs exalted rank, We flatter ourſelves that the prudence and juſtice of our adminiſtration in the univerſal monarchy which We have aſſumed over *follies* and *books*, will ſhow that We have not degenerated from our great predeceſſor.

CHI HOANG TI lived about two hundred and thirty ſeven years before Chriſt, and according

ing to the genius of that age *committed* great conqueſts, and rounded his dominions, at the expence of his neighbours, with as much prudence as if he had ſtudied politics in a French ſchool. The only ſlip he ſeems to have made, was in liſtening to the project of a ſea-captain, the Columbus of his time, who adviſed his Chineſe Majeſty to ſend out a colony to ſome of the iſlands of Japan, not indeed to diſcover new worlds, but on a more important ſcent, a remedy for long life; a noſtrum treaſured up in one of thoſe little iſlands. The Emperor, my Great Grand-father, had, as it appears by other circumſtances, a particular partiality for medicines, and readily gave ear to a ſcheme that was at once to prolong the bleſſings of his reign over his ſubjects, and to add ſo great a jewel to his diſpenſatory. He entruſted the Captain with one or more ſhips, and three hundred perſons of each ſex, with whom the Adventurer founded a little kingdom in one of the iſlands, and was ſo ungrateful as never to ſend his Sovereign a ſingle phial of the precious elixir. The Emperor, whoſe mind was always filled with great projects, ſoon turned his thoughts to eſtabliſh the

the duration, if not of his reign, at leaſt of his empire, and with a ſpirit, which has ſeemed prophetic, apprehending incurſions of the Tartars, he ſet about building that immenſe wall to divide the two nations, which was finiſhed in five years, which exiſts to our days, and which did not however anſwer the purpoſe for which it was projected. The next great action of his reign was publiſhing the celebrated decree for burning all the books in China, excepting only ſuch volumes as treated of Architecture or Phyſic, the two ſciences, which the affair of the ſea-captain and the erection of the great wall, prove to have been the predominant paſſions of his Imperial Majeſty.

Some malevolent hiſtorians aſcribe this ſentence to his jealouſy of the glory of his predeceſſors; a motive unworthy of the heroic virtue of a prince, who had out-conquered, out-built, and taken more phyſic than any of his anceſtors. Such petty envy may rage in *little* ſouls: We read that Juſtin burnt all the authors from whom he compiled his hiſtory; and that Trebonian, the lawyer, commiſſioned by Juſtinian

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to reduce the civil law to a practicability, that is, to a ſize capable of being ſtudied by the profeſſors, and underſtood by the ſufferers, laid waſte and demoliſhed the volumes, tracts, charters, decrees, pleadings, reports, &c. from whence he extracted the body of civil law as it now ſtands. But the reaſons which our great anceſtor himſelf vouchſafed to give, are, I do not doubt, the trueſt, as they certainly are the nobleſt precedent to juſtify a parallel proceeding. He reduces them to theſe (for it muſt be obſerved, that the Chineſe are as laconic as the Lacedæmonians themſelves) *Books*, ſaid Chi Hoang Ti, *encourage idleneſs, cauſe neglect of agriculture, lay foundations of factions.* Theſe golden rules I ſhall keep in my eye to regulate my future conduct. I ſhall not allow people to think they are buſy becauſe they are reading; I ſhall not allow that there is any merit in having read a vaſt number of books; it is indifferent to me whether a man's feet have travelled over ſo many miles of ground, or his eyes over ſo many acres of paper: I ſhall recommend it to ſeveral grave dignitaries to lay aſide all ſuch reading as was never read, and to buy a plough and a team; and

cultivate a piece of land, inſtead of labouring ſuch barren ſoil as their own brains, or the works of obſolete authors; and I ſhall be for entirely aboliſhing all books whatever that treat of any kind of government; as to be ſure no nation ought to know that there is any form preferable to what is eſtabliſhed among themſelves: A Ruſſian that was to read Algernon Sidney, might grow to fancy that there are milder ſyſtems than living under the juriſdiction of the Knut!

The laſt inſtance I ſhall produce of the Chineſe Monarch's wiſdom, was his refuſing to quarter out his dominions among his ſons. He died in peace, and maſter of immenſe treaſures, having lived to ſee large crops of *Rice*, from vaſt tracts of land, which before his time had born nothing but *Libraries*.

In the havoc I meditate, I ſhall confine myſelf to whole bodies of ſcience, not piddle with ſingle authors, or ſeperate treatiſes. As I have peruſed very few books myſelf, it would be an endleſs taſk were I to ſet about the examination of what tracts do or do not deſerve to be condemned to the flames, and I have too little of

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the modern critic in me, to condemn any private work, becauſe I happen to diſlike the name, perſon, or country of the author. However, not to proceed too raſhly, I ſhall accept the aſſiſtance of a friend of mine, who is a prodigy of erudition, not only from the quantity he has read, but from his frankneſs in owning that he has read an infinite deal of traſh. He is a near relation by the mother of the celebrated librarian Magliabechi, who being aſked to lend a certain book (that muſt be nameleſs) out of the Great Duke's library, replied, "*That book!* "there is no ſuch book in our library; indeed I "know of but one copy of it, and that is in "the Grand Signior's collection; *it* ſtands the "ſixth book on the fourth ſhelf on the left "hand near the window."

My friend's name is CHRISTOPHER POLYGLOT; a man of extreme benevolence, and very uſeful to all that conſult him, though to ſay the truth, his knowledge is of little ſervice to himſelf, for when he attempts to compoſe any work himſelf, the ideas of what he has read, tranſmitted through a very faithful memory, flow

in ſo faſt upon him, that he blends every ſcience and every language, and does not even diſtinguiſh in what tongue he deſigns to write. He but two or three years ago intending to write a pamphlet againſt the Jew bill, began in theſe words, "JOSEPHUS *ſays, that* Οι Ιουδαιοι *everſâ urbe* περιφερ*ontoient leurs* צרטטהא," and I ſaw him one morning extremely puzzled with not being able to underſtand a Greek author, whom he did not perceive that he was reading backwards. He is very ſenſible of his misfortune, and ſays, he believes he might have made ſome figure in the republic of Letters, if he had never read above twenty thouſand books, and underſtood but ſix or ſeven languages. One great merit of my friend is, that he has a thorough contempt for conjectural antiquities; no body honours more than he does, the elegance of the Greek arts, the ſumptuouſneſs of Roman buildings, the valour and wiſdom of our Gothic anceſtors, and conſequently no body admires more any remnant of each nation, which is entire enough to diſcloſe their taſte, their magnificence, the ſtrength of their fortifications, or the ſolemnity of their devotion. But Mr. POLYGLOT deſpiſes

a platform,

a platform, nay a Stonehenge, if it is uncertain whether it's pedigree be Roman, Druid or Saxon; whether in it's ſtate of exiſtence it was an intrenchment, a temple, or a tomb. In his youth he was a tormentor of Tom Hearne, and before his own mind was bewildered in ſcience, had a pretty turn for poetry, as appeared by his adding two lines to the known diſtich on that Antiquary, and which really gave the whole the eſſence of an Epigram. I ſhall conclude the preſent paper with them, as I do not know that they were ever printed.

" Pox on't, quoth Time to THOMAS HEARNE,
" Whatever I forget, You learn."

Anſwer by Mr. POLYGLOT.

" * Damn it, quoth HEARNE, in furious fret,
" Whate'er I learn, You ſoon forget.

* *It was written at Chriſt-Church, Cambridge, by Richard Weſt Eſq; a young gentleman of great genius, who died at the age of twenty-ſix. He was ſon of Mr. Weſt, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth, daughter of Biſhop Burnet.*

A

LETTER

FROM

XO HO, a CHINESE PHILOSOPHER at LONDON*,

TO HIS FRIEND

LIEN CHI at PEKING.

I HAVE told thee, this people are incomprehenſible; not only they differ from us; they are unlike the reſt of the weſtern world: A Frenchman has prejudices, has caprices; but they are the prejudices of his nation, they are

* *This piece was written May* 12, 1757, *was ſent to the preſs next day, and went through five editions in a fortnight.*

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the caprices of his age. A Frenchman has ſettled ideas, though built on falſe foundations; an Engliſhman has no fixed ideas: His prejudices are not of his country, but againſt ſome particular parts or maxims of his country: His caprices are his own; they are the eſſential proofs of his liberty. In France they have a high notion of their King; they will *ſtab* him, but they will not *hate* him. An Engliſhman loves or hates his King once or twice in a winter, and that for no reaſon, but becauſe he loves or hates the Miniſtry in being. They do not oppoſe their King from diſlike of royal power, but to avail themſelves of his power; they try to level it till they can mount upon it. They are as little in earneſt about liberty. To have the nation free! No body means it. To have the country enſlaved; they deſire it not. Were there vaſſals, they would be the vaſſals of the Crown, or of the Nobles; while all are free to ſell their *liberty*, the richeſt or craftieſt may purchaſe it.

I have ſaid, that they have no general ideas; they have not; but they have general names.

Formerly

Formerly they had two parties; now they have three factions, and each of thoſe factions has ſomething of the name, or ſomething of the principles of each of thoſe parties. In my laſt I told thee, that the ſecond faction in magnitude had diſplaced the leaſt faction, and that a new Miniſtry would immediately be appointed. I deceived thee; I was deceived. I did not believe ſo becauſe I was told ſo: Here one is told ſomething every day; the people demand to be told ſomething, no matter what: If a politician, a miniſter, a member of their aſſembly was myſterious and refuſed to impart ſomething to an enquirer, he would make an enemy: If he tells a lie, it is no offence; he is communicative; that is ſufficient to a *free* people: All they aſk is news; a falſehood is as much news as truth. Why I believed a Miniſtry would ſoon be named, was; I thought that in a country where the whole real buſineſs of their general Aſſembly was to chuſe Miniſters, they could never be without: I was deceived. I thought that when a Prince diſmiſſed one Miniſter, he would take another: I was deceived. I thought when a nation was engaged in a great war with

a ſuperior power, that they muſt have council; I was deceived: Reaſon in China is not reaſon in England. An * Officer of the Treaſury may be diſplaced, and a Judge can execute his office. † Their High-Prieſt died lately; I waited to ſee from what profeſſion, which had nothing to do with religion, his ſucceſſor would be choſen.

When a day or two had paſſed, I aſked when a new Miniſtry would be named? I heard ſeveral aſk the ſame queſtion. I was told, When ‡ *the enquiries were over*. I found this ſatisfied every body but me. I aſked what *the enquiries* were? By the ſcanty knowledge I have of their language, I concluded it ſignified, an enquiry who was fit to be Miniſter----No ſuch thing----They never enquire before-hand. Sometimes, as in the preſent caſe, they enquire whether a former Miniſter had been fit to be ſo. Know, that laſt year the Engliſh loſt a valuable iſland: The

* *On the removal of Mr. Legge, the Chief Juſtice was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the buſineſs of that court requires it to be conſtantly filled.*

† *Archbiſhop Herring.*

‡ *Into the cauſes of the loſs of Minorca.*

people

people were enraged; they blamed the * Admiral who commanded their fleet; the † Admiral who directed their fleet; their ‡ chief Judge, their ‖ chief Treaſurer; their § chief Secretary. The firſt Admiral was impriſoned; the reſt quarrelled and gave up their employments. ¶ The chief Man of the little faction was made Miniſter, and his friends got places; yet the friends of the other two factions retained theirs. An enquiry or trial of the late Miniſters was determined: The impriſoned Admiral was tried, acquitted, condemned and put to death. The trials of the others were delayed. At laſt they were tried------Not as I expected, whether they were guilty, but whether they ſhould be Miniſters again or not. If the executed Admiral had lived, he too might be a Miniſter. Juſt as this trial began, the ** new head of the Admiralty forgot to make a bow to

* *Admiral Byng.*

† *Lord Anſon.*

‡ *Lord Hardwicke.* ‖ *Duke of Newcaſtle.*

§ *Mr. Fox.*

¶ *Mr. Pitt.*

** *Lord Temple.*

the King-----Upon which he and all his friends were diſplaced. I underſtood this: As the Engliſh are more free than we are, I conceived that this was a puniſhment proportioned to their ideas of offended Majeſty, and reflected how ſeverely one of our countrymen would be dealt with, who ſhould affront the dignity of our auguſt Emperor. I was again deceived; this Mandarin is likely to be again a Miniſter. As his friends have great weight in the general Aſſembly where the trials are held, I concluded they would perſecute their antagoniſts, and I deplored the fate of thoſe unhappy men who would be at the mercy of their bittereſt enemies. There is no rule for judging of this people. The third faction who were in the nature of Judges, would only try facts and not perſons; and even if they could have puniſhed facts, they ſhowed they were not unmerciful. I do not underſtand this nation.

What will ſurprize thee more, the chief men of the Capital have beſtowed * *high honours* on

* *The freedom of the City preſented to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge.*

the

the third faction for being diſmiſſed from the government: And the honours they have beſtowed are a permiſſion to exerciſe a *trade*, which the perſons ſo diſtinguiſhed would think exceedingly beneath them to follow. Doſt thou comprehend this? But the enquiries are finiſhed---- Thou wilt aſk me, how! I know not---- Only I have been told that the general Aſſembly affirmed that certain things, which all the land knew before, did or did not happen. Thou will attribute this ridiculous account to my ignorance of the language or manners of the country; in truth I am not maſter of either; but I know the language of the French; theſe very relations that I ſend thee, are tranſlated into French, and the Engliſh ſcruple not to ſend them all over Europe, where the French language is underſtood.

Now thou wilt ſay, my friend Xo Ho, leave theſe things which thou doſt not underſtand, or canſt not explain; and paſs on to facts: Tell me, thou wilt ſay, now the trials are finiſhed, who are the new Miniſters? From which faction are they choſen?----By Cong-fou-tſeë *,

* *Confucius.* thou

thou wilt believe as little what I ſhall tell thee, as what I have already delivered. Their King, who diminiſſed a whole Miniſtry, becauſe one of them did not humble himſelf enough before the throne, is gone into the country, without knowing who are to be his Miniſters----How! how! Thou wilt cry; their Monarch left his capital, without appointing a Miniſtry! For what is he gone into the country? To viſit his provinces? To diſtribute juſtice? To muſter his army?---- Alas! alas! dear Lien Chi; England is not China----Hear, and I will tell thee briefly. The Engliſh have no ſun, no ſummer as we have, at leaſt their ſun does not ſcorch like ours. They content themſelves with names: At a certain time of the year they leave their capital, and that makes ſummer; they go out of the city, and that makes the country. * Their Monarch, when he goes into the country, paſſes in his calaſh by a row of high trees, goes along a gravel walk, croſſes one of the chief ſtreets, is driven by the ſide of a canal between two rows of lamps, at the end of which he has a ſmall houſe, and then he is ſuppoſed to be in the country. I ſaw this ceremony yeſterday; as ſoon as he

* *The King going to Kenſington.*

he was gone, the men put on under veſtments of white linnen, and the women left off thoſe vaſt draperies, which they call *hoops*, and which I have deſcribed to thee; and then all the men and all the women ſaid *it was hot*. If thou wilt believe me, I am now writing to thee before a fire.

At the top of the gravel walk, as their King paſſed, was * a large company of youths and boys, newly clad as mariners, who are cloathed by private contributions; for private perſons are rich, the public is poor; and nothing is well done, but by theſe ſtarts and devices. The King has given a thouſand pieces of gold to this inſtitution, not as King, but in his *private capacity*, which here they diſtinguiſh. If he had given them a thouſand pieces of his public money, not one half would have come to the youths, but would have been embezzled by the officers of the revenue. Theſe youths were commanded by no officer in the ſea-ſervice, but by the ‡ only civil Magiſtrate they have; and

* *The Boys cloathed by the Marine Society.*

‡ *Juſtice Fielding.*

he

he is totally blind. He commands their charities, inſtead of being the object of them. Every thing here is reverſed.

Thou wilt be impatient to hear why the King has appointed no Miniſtry; if I may believe a man who has always hitherto told me truth, the King has no more to do with the choice of his Miniſtry, than thou with that of our ſerene Emperor. Thou wilt reply; but can the King of England unmake his Miniſters, and not make them? Truly I know not how that is. He has left the town, and when a Miniſtry is formed, he is to be made acquainted with it. The three factions are dealing with each other to come to ſome agreement, and to whatever they agree, the King *muſt*. Thou wilt ſay; then he is no King. I anſwer; not according to thy ideas: The Engliſh think differently. Well! wilt thou ſay; but in thy other letters thou haſt deſcribed the people of England as not ſo eaſily ſatisfied: Will they ſuffer three factions of different merits and principles to lord it over both King and People? Will thoſe who value royal authority, not re-

gret

gret the annihilation of it? Will thoſe who think the ancient Miniſters guilty, not be offended, if they are again employed? Will thoſe who rewarded the leaſt faction for being diſmiſſed, not reſent their uniting with thoſe who contributed to their expulſion? My friend Lien Chi, I tell thee things as they are; I pretend not to account for the conduct of Engliſhmen; I told thee before, they are *incomprehenſible*. It is but lately that * a man entered into the King's ſervice, and vacated his ſeat in the general Aſſembly by it: The King puniſhed him for it, and would not let him be re-admitted into the general Aſſembly----yet the man who bowed not to the King may be rewarded for it. Farewell.

* *Dr. Hay, who vacated his ſeat on being appointed a Lord of the Admiralty.*

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PERSON AND AGE OF THE LONG-LIVED COUNTESS of DESMOND.

HAVING a few years ago had a curioſity to inform myſelf of the particulars of the life of the very aged Counteſs of Deſmond, I was much ſurprized to find no certain account of ſo extraordinary a perſon; neither exactly how long She lived, nor even who She was; the few circumſtances related of her, depending on meer tradition. At laſt I was informed that She was buried at Sligo in Ireland, and a Gentleman of that place was ſo kind as to procure for me the following inſcriptions on the monument there; which however ſoon convinced

vinced me of that ſuppoſition being a miſtake, as will appear by the obſervations in my letter, in conſequence of this which contained the Epitaph.

To C. O. *Eſq*;

Nymphsfield, Auguſt 23, 1757.

DEAR SIR,

I Have made I think as accurate an extract of all the inſcriptions on O'Connor's monument as can be, even to copy the faults of the carver: I was many hours on a high ladder, and it coſt much time to clear the letters. The loweſt inſcription is this; but you are to obſerve, all the letters in the original are capitals, and could not come in compaſs to give it to you in that manner, as you will perceive.

" Hic jacet famoſiſſimus miles Donatus * Cor-
" nelianus Comitatus Sligiæ Dominus cum ſuâ
" Uxore illuſtriſſimâ Dna Elinora Butler Comi-
" tiſſa Deſmoniæ que me fieri fecit A° 1624

* *Cornelianus is the deſcendant of Cornelius, which in Iriſh is* Conagher, *or in the ſhort way,* Connor.

" poſt mortè ſui Mariti qui obiit 11 Aug.
" A° 1609. Itm ejus Filia & primi Mariti vizt
" Comitis Deſmoniæ ‖ noie Elizabetha valdè
" virtuoſiſſima Dna ſepulta fuit hoc in tumulo
" 31°. Novem. anno Domini 1623."

Juſt above this is O'Connor in armour kneeling and his hands raiſed up and joined as at prayer, his helmet on the ground behind him: A tree in an eſcutcheon, which is the arms of O'Connor, and a trophy on one ſide, and over his head this inſcription:

" Sic præter cælum quia nil durabile ſiſtit,
" ‡ Luccat ambobus Lux diuturna Dei.
" Donato Connor Deſmond Elinora Marito-----

On the weſt ſide is the Counteſs with a coronet and her beads, kneeling, and over her head this continuation of the preceding lines,

" Hunc fieri tumulum fecit amena ſuo.
" Cum Domino ſaxis Elinoræ Filia cumbit,
" Et Comitis Deſmond Elizabetha virens.

‖ *This word I can make no ſenſe of, but* ſic Originale. *I take it to be a redundancy of the carver: It ſeems to be a repetition of the three laſt ſyllables of Deſmoniæ.*

‡ *Luceat.*

Betweer

Between the two tablets, which contain the inſcriptions, is a boar and a coronet over it of five balls, which I ſuppoſe belonged to Deſmond.

On the ſide of the Counteſs is an eſcutcheon with the arms of Butler, and under them a book open and a roſe on it, croſſed by a ſpade and flambeau, and an urn at bottom.

Above there is a table with this inſcription that runs from each end and over both the former, and ornamented with an angel's head at each end. It does not pay any reſpect to the poet's arrangement, as you will perceive.

" Siccine Conatiæ per quod florebat eburna
" Urna tegit vivax corpora bina Decus!
" Siccine Donati tumulo conduntur in alto
" Oſſa, que Momoniæ ſiccine cura jacet!
" Martia quæ bello, mitis quæ pace micabat,
" Verſa eſt in cineres ſiccine veſtra manus!
" Siccine Penelope ſaxis Elinora ſepulta eſt,
" Siccine marmoreis altera caſta Judith!
" Mater Ierna genis humidis quæ brachia tenda *,
" Mortis ero veſtris, luctibus aucta, memor."

* *tendo.*

Over

Over this is O'Connor's arms, *viz.* a Tree; and creſt, a Lion crowned. The motto is, QUO VINCI, VINCOR. On one ſide of theſe is a figure with a key lying on the breaſt, and a ſword in the left. On the other is a figure with a ſword in the right, and a book in the left lying on the breaſt; and the whole is ſurmounted by a crucifix.

I am Sir,

Yours, &c.

This Letter having been communicated to me by the Gentleman who was ſo obliging as to make the inquiry, occaſioned my ſending him the following:

To C. O. *Eſq*;

Strawberry-hill, Sept. 17, 1757.

SIR,

I Should have thanked you the inſtant I received the honour of your obliging letter, if you had not told me that you was ſetting out for Ireland: I am now in pain leſt this ſhould not come to your hands, as you gave me no direction,

direction, and I ſhould be extremely ſorry that you ſhould think me capable, Sir, of neglecting to ſhow my gratitude for the trouble you have been ſo good as to give yourſelf. I cannot think of taking the liberty to give you any more, though I own the inſcriptions you have ſent me have not cleared away the difficulties relating to the Counteſs of Deſmond.------On the contrary, they make me doubt whether the Lady interred at Sligo was the perſon reported to have lived to ſuch an immenſe age. If you will excuſe me, I will ſtate my objections.

I have often heard that the aged Lady Deſmond lived to one hundred and ſixty two, or ſixty three years. In the * account of her picture at Windſor, they give her but one hundred and fifty years. Sir William Temple ‡, from the relation of Lord Leiceſter, reduces it to one hundred and forty; adding, "That She "had been married out of England in the reign "of Edward the Fourth, and being reduced to "great poverty by the ruin of the Iriſh family

* *See Pote's account of Windſor-caſtle, p.* 418.

‡ *See his eſſay on health and long life.*

"into

"into which She had married, came from Briſtol "to London towards the end of the reign of "James the Firſt to beg relief from court."

This account by no means correſponds either with the monument at Sligo, or the new Iriſh peerage by Lodge. The great particular (beſides that of her wonderful age) which intereſted me in this inquiry, was the tradition which ſays, that the long-lived Lady Deſmond had danced with Richard the Third, and always affirmed that He was a very well-made Man. It is ſuppoſed that this was the ſame Lady with whom the old Lady Dacre had converſed, and from whoſe teſtimony She gave the ſame account.

In the catalogue of the ancient Earls of Deſmond, inſerted in the pedigree of Kildare, I can find no one who married an Engliſhwoman near the period in queſtion: But that we will wave; it might have been a miſtake of Sir William, or his authority, the Earl of Leiceſter. Her poverty might be as erroneous, if Lodge's account be true *, that She left three hundred pounds to the chapel at Sligo, the tomb in which, as the inſcription ſays, She erected in 1624.

* *vol.* 1. *p.* 19.

But

But here is the greateſt difficulty: If She was one hundred and forty in 1636, according to Lodge the æra of her death, (which by the way was in King Charles's and not in King James's reign) She was born in 1496. Gerald Earl of Deſmond, her firſt huſband, died according to the peerage in 1583. She was therefore eighty ſeven when She married O'Connor of Sligo------that is poſſible------if She lived to one hundred and forty, She might be in the vigour of her age (at leaſt not diſlike the vigour of his) at eighty ſeven. The Earl of Deſmond's firſt wife, ſays Lodge, (for our Lady Eleanor was his ſecond) died in 1564: If he re-married the next day, his bride muſt have been ſixty eight, and yet She had a ſon and five daughters by him. I fear with all her juvenile powers, She muſt have been paſt breeding at ſixty eight.

Theſe accounts tally as little with her dancing with Richard the Third; He died in 1485, and by my computation She was not born till 1496. If we ſuppoſe that She died twelve years ſooner, *viz.* in 1624, at which time the tomb was

erected, and which would coincide with Sir William Temple's date of her death in the reign of James; and if we give her one hundred and fifty years, according to the Windſor account, She would then have been born in 1474, and conſequently was eleven years old at the death of King Richard: But this ſuppoſition labours with as many difficulties. She could not have been married in the reign of Edward the Fourth, ſcarcely have danced with his Brother; and it is as little probable that She had much remembrance of his perſon, the point, I own, in which I am moſt intereſted, not at all crediting the accounts of his deformity, from which Buck has ſo well defended him, both by the ſilence of Comines, who mentions the beauty of King Edward, and was too ſincere to have paſſed over ſuch remarkable uglineſs in a foreigner, and from Dr. Shaw's appeal to the people before the Protector's face, whether his Highneſs was not a comely Prince and the exact image of his Father. The power that could enſlave them, could not have kept them from laughing at ſuch an apoſtrophe, had the Protector been as ill-ſhapen as the Lancaſtrian hiſto-

rians

rians repreſent him. Lady Deſmond's teſtimony adds great weight to this defence.

But the more we accomodate her age to that of Richard the Third, the leſs it will ſuit with that of her firſt huſband. If She was born in 1474, her having children by him (Gerald Earl of Deſmond) becomes vaſtly more improbable.

It is very remarkable, Sir, that neither her tomb, nor Lodge, ſhould take notice of this extraordinary perſon's age; and I own if I knew how to conſult him without treſpaſſing on your goodnature and civility, I ſhould be very glad to ſtate the foregoing difficulties to him. But I fear I have already taken too great freedom with your indulgence, and am, *&c.*

H. W.

P. S. Since I finiſhed my letter, a new idea has ſtarted, for diſcovering who this very old Lady Deſmond was, at leaſt whoſe wife She was, ſuppoſing the perſon buried at Sligo not to be Her. Thomas the ſixth Earl of Deſmond was forced to give up the Earldom: But it is

not improbable that his deſcendants might uſe the title, as he certainly left iſſue. His ſon died, ſays Lodge * in 1452, leaving two ſons John and Maurice. John being born at leaſt in 1451, would be above thirty at the end of Edward the Fourth. If his Wife was ſeventeen in the laſt year of that King, She would have been born in 1466. If therefore She died about 1625, She would be one hundred and fifty nine. This approaches to the common notion of her age, as the ruin of the branch of the family into which She married, does to Sir William Temple's. A few years more or leſs in certain parts of this hypotheſis, would but adjuſt it ſtill better to the accounts of Her. Her Huſband being only a titular Earl ſolves the difficulty of the ſilence of genealogiſts on ſo extraordinary a perſon.

Still we ſhould be to learn of what family She herſelf was: And I find a new evidence, which agreeing with Sir William Temple's account, ſeems to claſh a little with my laſt ſuppoſition. This authority is no leſs than Sir Walter Raleigh's, who in the fifth chapter of

* *vol.* 1. *p.* 14.

the

the firſt book of his hiſtory of the World, ſays expreſsly, that He himſelf "knew the old "Counteſs of Deſmond of Inchiquin, who "lived in the year 1589, and many years ſince, "who was married in Edward the Fourth's time, "*and held her jointure from all the Earls of Deſ-*"*mond ſince then*; and that this is true, all the "noblemen and gentlemen of Munſter can wit-"neſs." Her holding a jointure from all the Earls of Deſmond would imply that her Huſband was not of the titular line, but of that in poſſeſſion: Yet that difficulty is not ſo great, as no ſuch Lady being mentioned in the pedigree. By Sir Walter's words it is probable that She was dead when he wrote that account of Her. His Hiſtory was firſt printed in 1614; this makes the æra of her death much earlier than I had ſuppoſed, but having allowed her near one hundred and ſixty years, taking away ten or twelve will make my hypotheſis agree better with Sir William Temple's account, and does not at all deſtroy the aſſumption of her being the Wife of only a titular Earl. However all theſe are conjectures, which I ſhould be glad to have aſcertained or confuted by any curious perſon

perſon, who could produce authentic teſtimonies of the birth, death and family, of this very remarkable Lady; and to excite or aſſiſt which was the only purpoſe of this diſquiſition.

Having communicated theſe obſervations to the Rev. Dr. Charles Lyttelton Dean of Exeter, he ſoon afterwards found and gave me the following extract from p. 36, of Smith's natural and civil hiſtory of the County of Corke, printed at Dublin, 1750. 8vo.

" * Thomas the thirteenth Earl of Deſmond, " Brother to Maurice the eleventh Earl, died " this year (1534) at Rathkeile, being of a " very great age, and was buried at Youghall. " He married, firſt, ‡ Ellen Daughter of Mc. " Carty of Muſkerry, by whom He had a ſon, " Maurice, who died *vitâ patris*.——The Earl's " ſecond Wife was Catherine Fitzgerald, Daugh- " ter of the Fitzgeralds of the Houſe of Dru-

* *His name was James, and he was the twelfth Earl.*

‡ *See Lodge's peerage, vol.* 1. *p.* 16.

" mana

"mana in the County of Waterford. This "Catherine was the Counteſs that lived ſo "long, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh makes "mention in his Hiſtory of the World, and "was reputed to live to one hundred and forty "years of age."

This is the moſt poſitive evidence we have; the Author quotes Ruſſel's MS. If She was of the Fitzgeralds of Waterford, it will not not in ſtrictneſs agree with Sir William Temple's relation of her being married out of England; by which we ſhould naturally ſuppoſe that She was born of Engliſh blood-------Yet his account is ſo vague, that it ought not to be ſet againſt abſolute aſſertion, ſuppoſing the Ruſſel MS. to be of good authority enough to ſupport what it is quoted to ſupport in 1750.

Upon the whole, and to reduce this Lady's age as low as poſſible, making it at the ſame time coincide with the moſt probable accounts, We will ſuppoſe that She was married at fifteen in 1483, the laſt year of Edward the Fourth, and

and that She died in 1612, two years before the publication of Sir Walter Raleigh's hiſtory, She will then have been no leſs than * one hundred and forty five years of age, a particularity ſingular enough to excite, and I hope, to excuſe this Inquiry.

* *Lord Bacon, ſays Fuller, computed her age to be one hundred and forty at leaſt; and added, that She three times had a new ſet of teeth; for ſo I underſtand,* ter vices dentiſſe, *not that She recovered them three times after caſting them, as Fuller tranſlates it, which is giving her four ſets of teeth.*

Worthies in Northumb. p. 310.

INSCRIP-

NOTE.

HAving, by permiſſion of his Grace the Lord Chamberlain, obtained a copy of the picture at Windſor, called, The Counteſs of Deſmond, I diſcovered that it is *not* her portrait. On the back is written in an old hand, *The Mother of Rembrandt, given by Sir Robert Carr.* In the Catalogue of King Charles's collection of pictures, p. 150. N° 101. is deſcribed the portrait of an old Woman with a great ſcarf upon her head, by Rembrandt, in a black frame; given to the King by my Lord Ankrom. This was the very Sir Robert Kerr Earl of Ancram, mentioned above, and the meaſures anſwer exactly.

INSCRIPTION

ON A

PICTURE

OF THE LATE

POPE.

Proſpero Lambertini

BISHOP of ROME

by the Name of BENEDICT XIV,

Who though an abſolute Prince,
reigned as harmleſsly
as a DOGE of VENICE:
HE reſtored the luſtre of the TIARA
by thoſe Arts alone,
by which alone HE obtained it,
HIS VIRTUES.
Beloved by PAPISTS,
Eſteemed by PROTESTANTS:
A Prieſt, without inſolence or intereſtedneſs;
A Prince, without Favorites;
A Pope, without Nepotiſm;
An Author, without Vanity;
In ſhort, a MAN,
Whom neither Wit nor Power
could ſpoil.

The

The Son of a favorite Minister,
But One who never courted a Prince,
Nor worſhipped a Churchman,
Offers in a free Protestant Country
This deſerved Incenſe
To the Best of the Roman Pontifs.

MDCCLVII.

This Inſcription having been ſent to Sir Horace Mann at Florence, and by him ſhown to the Abbate Niccolini, the latter tranſlated and ſent it to Cardinal Archinto, who gave it to the Pope. The good old Man was ſo pleaſed with this teſtimony born to his Virtues, that He gave copies to all that came near Him, and wrote it in a letter to one of his particular Friends at Bologna, concluding with this expreſſion of amiable humility; "Noi mandiamo tutto al noſtro Cano-
"nico Peggi, acciò conoſca che ſiamo come le
"ſtatue della facciata di San Pietro in Vaticano,
"che, a chi è nella piazza e coſi lontano, fanno
"una bella comparſa, ma a chi poi viene vicino,
"fanno figure di orridi Maſcheroni."

F I N I S.

CMC
MVSEVM
BRITANNICVM